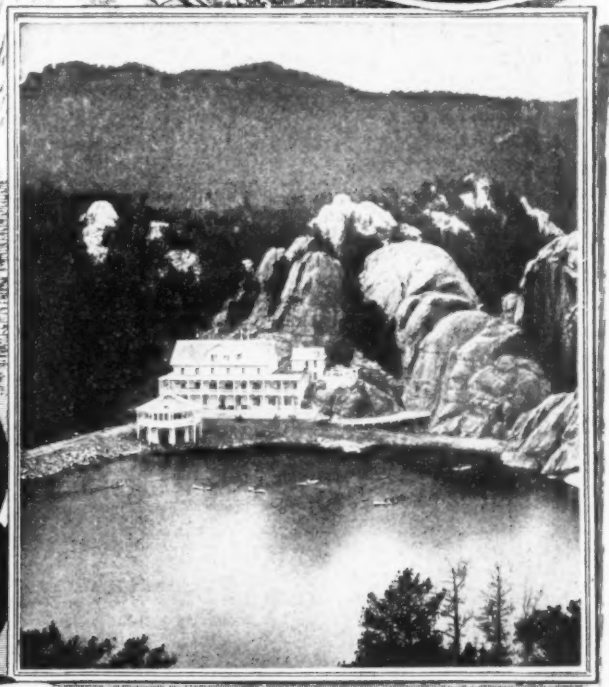
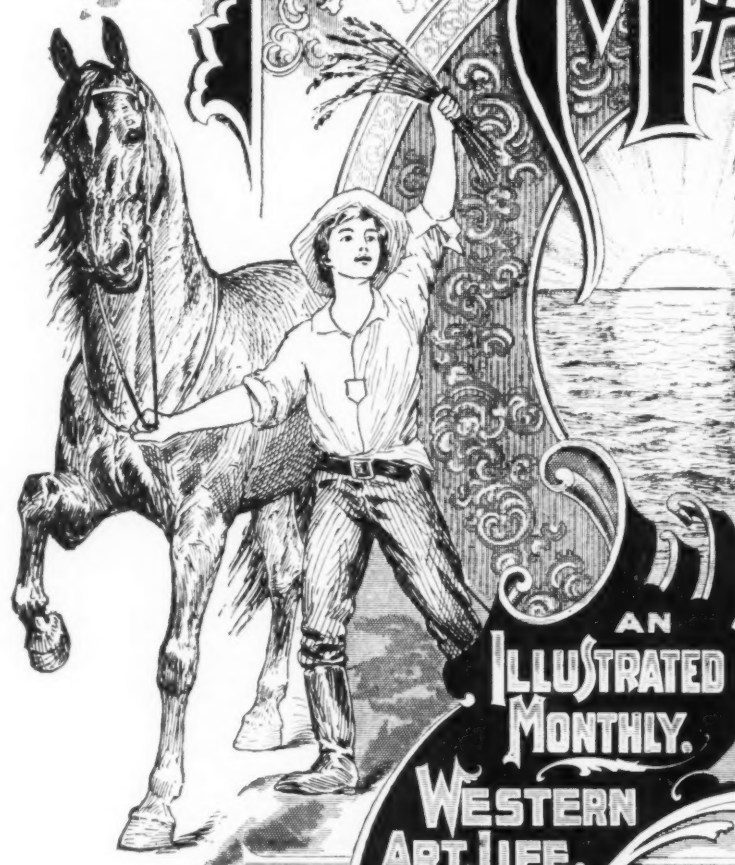


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OCTOBER, 1898. VOL. XVI.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE



AN
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY.

WESTERN
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LITERATURE
AND
INDUSTRY

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GENERAL OFFICES: ST. PAUL, MINN.

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In this issue: { Pen Sketches of Montana Life.
On the Iron Range.
The Red Lake Indian Agency.

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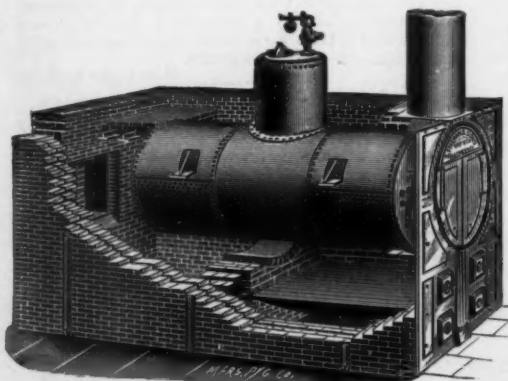
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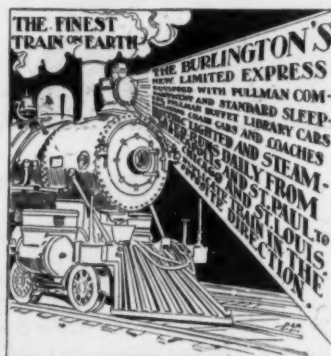


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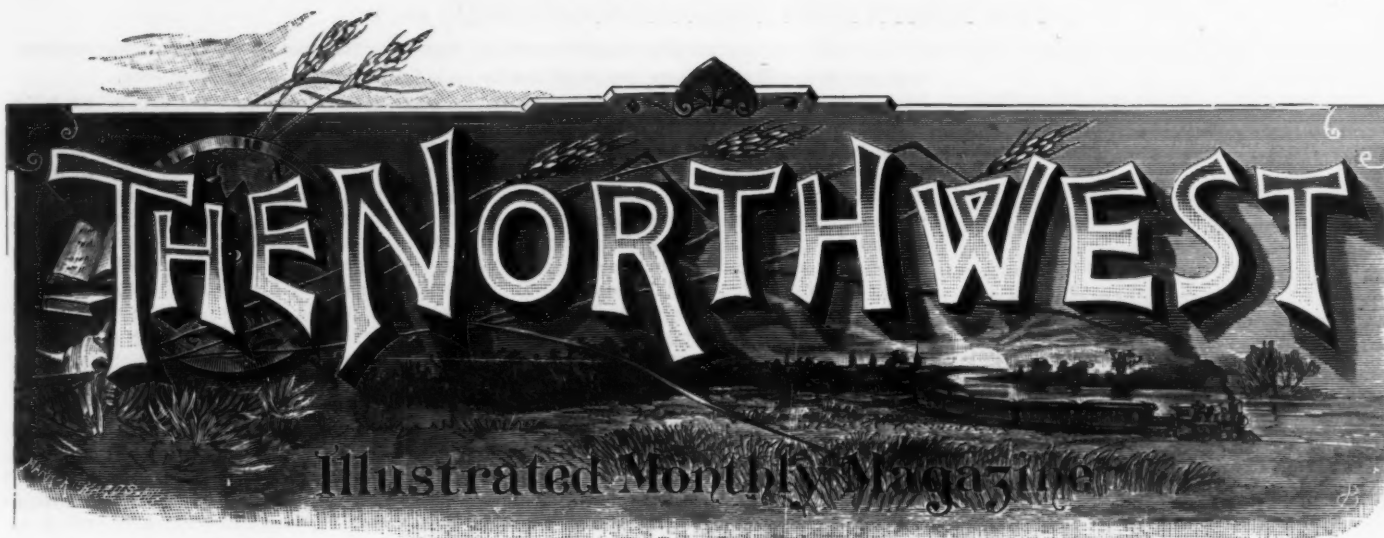
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Illustrated Monthly Magazine

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ST. PAUL, OCTOBER, 1898.

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PEN SKETCHES OF MONTANA LIFE.

By J. M. Waters.

On first coming to the Rockies, one is told that whoever stays two years among them will never be satisfied to live again in the East. After some twenty years observation I can testify to this rule—with exceptions, of course, but not many; and, considering how various in soil, climate, and other things these wide-spread uplands are, one might wonder what pleasing similarity they can have to make them so generally preferred after full acquaintance with their heat, cold, barrenness, drouth, dust, wind, and whatever can be charged up against them.

Mainly, I think, it is their prevailing sunshine, pure air, and consequent healthfulness. Men will enjoy these principal things, however they object to lack of others. Since making my home in Montana—which has never been advertised as a health resort—I have often been surprised to learn how many residents who have little further use for doctors are here because they were unable to live in the East.

"You didn't come for your health, I should

think; you seem as hardy as a cayuse," I said to an old-time ranchman whose physique and endurance I was admiring.

"That's just what I did," he answered; "I was sick so much before I came that I had to change, or else give up the support of my family."

Such instances are common enough, and go far to explain why people should like the Rockies. But there are good reasons aside from health. A former Pennsylvania merchant expressed the common feeling when, after telling how his lungs got well, he added, "And then, I like the country anyhow."

Perhaps next to healthfulness the Rockies attract by their business prospects. It is rather easy to make a living among them—to get a breakfast for one's appetite, as the Irishman explained when he was caught poaching; and what chances to make a fortune! Now, to health and prospective riches add the touch of actual luxury, and you have the bright side of natural things represented.

Luxury is apt to wait for wealth, but here the Rockies are exceptional. From their first overrunning by trappers and hunters they furnished the wanderer, as now the miner and ranchman, with such delicious water and air, such restful summer nights, such loveliness of sky and peak and canyon and valley, as wealth cannot buy in city

mart or studio.

And this native luxury has the charm of infinite variety. As the poorest buyer likes a largestock to select from, so the Rocky Mountain immigrant is



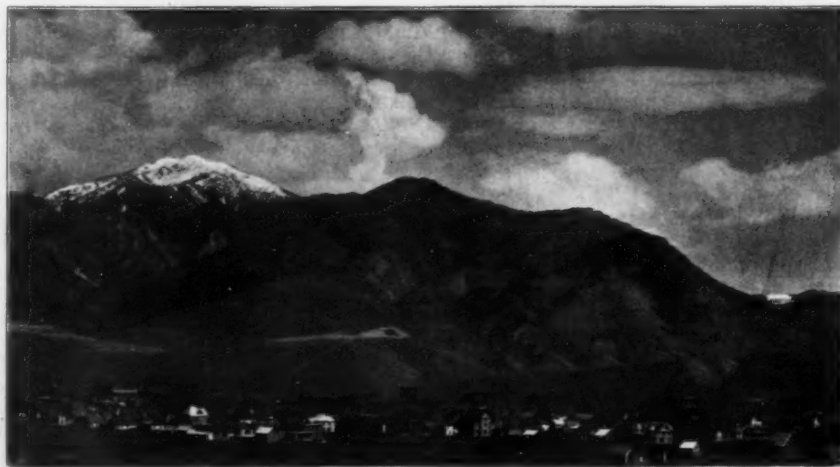
ONE BLOCK FROM BOZEMAN'S CITY HALL.

"Near by is the world's wonderland for those who want wonders."

entertained with a wide range of choice. He is arrived at nature's bargain counter. Will he have a mine, or a hot spring that may draw wealthy tourists as to a fountain of youth; or a homestead where command of water commands the stock-range all around; or a canyon, through which the railroad must come; or a prospective town site; or a nook where tender fruits and vegetables can be grown near a mining-camp? Will he have all these? Whatever he takes, he may grudge to let slip so many other fine chances; or, being of a happier turn, he can plume himself on his own peculiar good fortune.

Down the valley they have frost; his place is exempt. Across the range he wouldn't live, for the wind and mosquitoes there. Across the range they scorn to change with him, on account of his rain and mud.

Yes, but his soil beats theirs; he can raise the



BRIDGER MOUNTAINS AND BOZEMAN, MONT., FROM COLLEGE HILL.

"Far up the mountain wall, though it looks so near, is a silvery mass of snow, perhaps a hundred feet deep, which feeds the noisy little stream so hidden in rocks and bushes beside the road."



MAIDEN'S ROCK, IN BRIDGER CANYON.

"The more ambitious walkers may go on to Bridger Canyon and Maiden's Rock, the scene of an Indian legend."



STORM CASTLE, ON WEST GALLATIN CANYON.

"The beauty spread out before one on every side is so accessible that a delicate lady can command it, . . . yet the scenery is majestic."

best oats in the State. Then, too, in winter he has sleighing, and the snow protects his winter wheat.

But on the other side wind blows the snow away and exposes the bunch-grass for cattle.

So the comparisons are bandied, and not without reason; for all over the mountains great differences within short limits appeal to various tastes and excite the hope that if one is not yet perfectly suited he may be a little farther on, or at least somewhere in the Rockies. Hence there is much moving about under the allurements of advantages reported here and there.

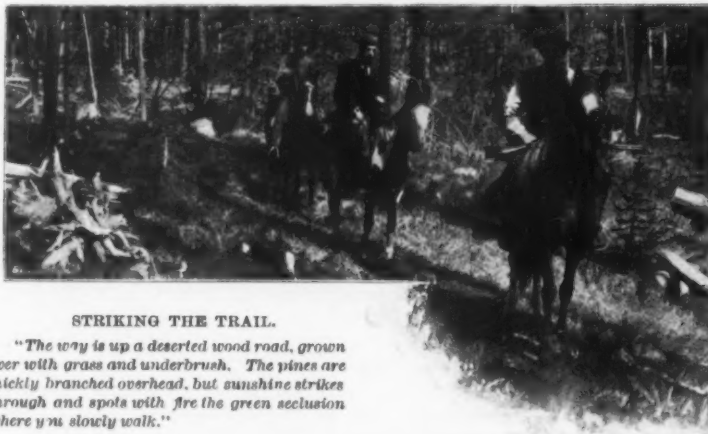
In this ebb and flow, Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley are remarkable for a settled population. Not many far-Western communities so generally feel at home and expect to live and die where they are. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of a Bozeman church, last year, every elder that had been elected from the first until then, six in all, was present and still a resident of the town.

This is not because the people are alike, for they come from all the States, and from Canada and across the sea. But they believe that, among the earth's natural gardens, theirs is one of the all-round best. Here, with but little exception, the good things of the Rockies are present and their drawbacks are absent. If even this is not perfection, yet what more can be expected or is anywhere realized? And if,

the false alarm as an excellent joke.

Vegetation comes in and runs its race with refreshing vigor and exultation. In Southern Colorado the opening spring reminded me of a consumptive—its flush of green was so delicate, and faded so early. The difference here is partly in soil, and partly from more liberal rainfall. Early in May, Bozeman teachers and pupils begin taking Saturday rambles on the foothills near by for spring beauties—yellow bells and purple anemones. The more ambitious walkers may go on to the entrance of Bridger Canyon, and return triumphant with a clump of dwarf primroses, to deck their church next morning. Buttercups and violets have appeared before on the commons in town. Soon it is in order to get up Limekiln Canyon, where you may gather bushels of dog-tooth violets and magnificent trilliums. In June, an excursion past the Government fish-hatchery and on to Clematis Canyon finds tree-trunk and bush and briar festooned with blue clematis. The way is up a deserted wood road, grown over with grass and underbrush. The pines are thickly branched overhead, but sunshine strikes through and spots with fire the green seclusion where you slowly walk, uncertain whether most to admire the cool under-world of verdure or the glowing firmament whose blue glimpses catch your eye.

Far up the mountain wall, though it looks so near, is a silvery mass of snow, perhaps a hun-



STRIKING THE TRAIL.

"The way is up a deserted wood road, grown over with grass and underbrush. The pines are thickly branched overhead, but sunshine strikes through and spots with fire the green seclusion where you slowly walk."

possibly, some other make-up is better, we are happy in ignorance of the fact.

Here the fertility of soil remains incredible, and failure of crops has yet to occur. Climate is tempered with Coast winds, as well as dryness of air. The cyclone is beneficently absent. Summer and fall are delightful. Winter is less to be dreaded than in the Middle States. Spring is the most disagreeable season; or, it were more accurate to say, the disagreeable weather is in spring, for March is often pleasant and may be looked forward to from the setting in of winter, about the middle of December, as a restful landing in a stairway.

I have seen thirty perfect days without a break—warm, still, and bright, beginning in February and running into March. But then comes the rough-and-tumble between winter and summer, which folks elsewhere know sufficiently well. To new-comers it is rather alarming that the spring showers are snows, or end that way. When grass and flowers are in full tide, and winter seems far in retreat, a gentle rain all day and into the night comes very seasonably; but to look out next morning on a trackless vacancy of white, is as if time had turned backward sure enough. However, before evening, or the next day, the green is fully restored, and all nature is smiling over

dred feet deep, which feeds that noisy little stream so hidden in rocks and bushes beside the road. You must step to its very brink to catch sight of it; and if you should startle a deer from his drink, as our party did, and send him bounding up the steep (like he had rubber in him, the children said), you will not count this the smallest pleasure of your trip.

In the marshy-looking growth where you are walking now you may find the *Calypso borealis*, small but stately, "queen of the northern orchids," with one or two others of her distinguished family. But among all pleasant things in this peculiar place,—and soon you learn that every canyon is peculiar,—the blue clematis maintains in its season an easy superiority. Here in shadow, there in sunshine, climbing, falling, waving, knotted and garlanded over all sorts and conditions of plants,—what possible coquetry of display is omitted?

And which of all is the most artistic touch? I think it is that elaborate chaplet on the ill-looking bramble, where it springs from black shadow into extravagant light. But no; here is a single spray in full flower running straight across the road in the grass at our feet. "You can't pass here," it says; and this is the finest of all. The flowers—indeed you can hardly pass them, in this land of the sun, if you love

them a little; but they cannot have the space they would claim, if there is to be any talk of other things.

And there are other things, of real importance, as we say. The State Industrial College, for instance, which Bozeman always wanted, and of which she used to say—before the capitol contest—that of the two institutions she would prefer the college. Its new plant of buildings, with steam and electric machinery and fine apparatus for chemistry and physics, costing in all some \$100,000; its corps of twenty teachers; its strong departments of art and music, which testify that materialism here is not to have sway alone; its resources of national and State aid, representing more than a million-dollar endowment would—this is an institution which, though planned for the State, means all the more for Bozeman and the valley. The city schools maintain a reputation which unites with college and churches to make a "pull" of the better sort, drawing families from far and near to Bozeman for their children's education.

The town's free library and the college library contain about 4,000 volumes each, so selected as to supplement each other, an aggregate of 8,000 generally high-class books, and growing at the rate of 1,000 a year. Bozeman, as before said,

cadences and rollicking trout and grayling (are they not flowers come in the flesh?), and gorgeous retinue of painted cups and columbines and forget-me-nots, and gentians and asters and larkspurs, and so many more—who then would care for town, or for that monstrous impertinence we call the world?

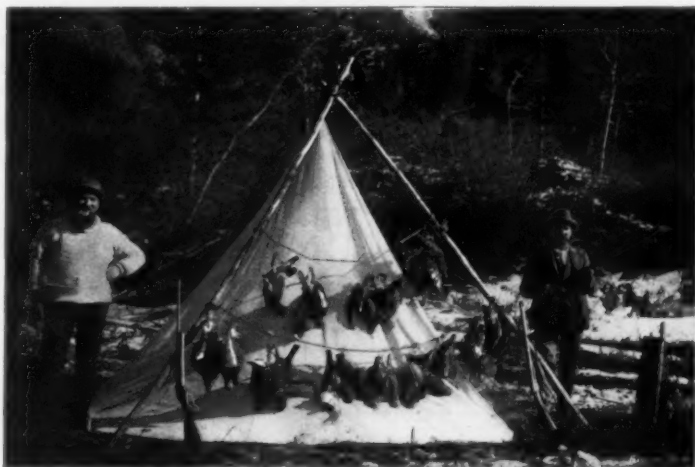
The camping infection in such a region is inevitable.

"Where is the general?" I asked at his business post one morning.

"Gone on a picnic to Spring Hill," was the answer; "and he talks of going out in camp to stay a while."

The general has heretofore been incorrigible in scouting the tented canyon; said he had enough of camping some thirty-five years ago; but at last he yields to the vagrant procession. Ex-Governor R——'s whole household came over from Butte and went to camp on the Gallatin. Congressman H—— and family left town for two or three weeks in Gallatin Canyon.

Such was the mention on July 14, and so it goes till time for school again. The town so nearly runs out into the hills that one who must stay in it, and who tries to write, may be excused for a jerky pen. Yet the town is delightful as compared with the low-lands East.



A MORNING'S SHOOTING AT SPRING HILL.

"Luxury is apt to wait for wealth, but here the Rockies are exceptional. From their first overrunning by trappers and hunters they furnished the camper and the wanderer . . . with such delicious water and air, and such restful summer nights, as wealth cannot buy."

has always been a community of homes, and, with her assured agricultural and educational stability, will continue the same way.

The location is remarkable for healthfulness. Last year the mortality was eight to the thousand, and the average age at death was forty-five years. Pure spring-water from the mountains, delivered through pipes by high pressure of gravity, reminds one at every quaff of Chicago and other unfortunate cities, and suggests the thankful reflection that our lines are cast mountainward. Five miles from town, in a limestone gorge, the visitor is shown with pride the head of our water-works, an abrupt fountain (you can walk around it) springing, cold and clear, out of the rock and flowing on its way to the homes and lawns. It is to cheer and beautify, without possibility of contamination by sewage or so much as a ranch. Just beside the fountain are clumps of wild syringa, which in July are white with bloom, and fragrant as the most cultivated variety.

So we are with the flowers again; and, after all, this is best, at least in the dog-days. For who wants then to talk or think of business resources, or colleges, or standard books? Go to! When the mountains are at hand with their sweet breath of pines, and tumbling cas-

"It seems a luxury to breathe in Bozeman," said a lady from New York State one July.

"The air in Bozeman is stifling," said a hunter, about the same time, just in from the mountains.

After all description, something remains indescribable in the pleasure of a summer among these wild and stern-looking peaks. For one thing, they seem so different when you get into them; so safe and cozy, and perfectly furnished for your use. They never weary you with sameness. Whoever learns to know them, is theirs. I am struck with the contentment, as to surroundings, of children who grow up here. Boys, old and intelligent enough to have enjoyed the Columbian Fair, did not want to go if it would prevent their usual tenting and trout-fishing. They do not imagine, from what they hear, that there is some other more enjoyable land.

And perhaps there is none. Near by is the world's wonderland for those who want wonders, and the region surrounding is more permanently pleasing than that. Many months of vacations would hardly acquaint one fully with the notable canyons which open into Gallatin Valley, not to speak of the mountains above them.

West Gallatin and Middle Creek canyons are



U. S. GOVERNMENT FISH-HATCHERY.

"In June, an excursion past the Government fish-hatchery and on to Clematis Canyon finds tree-trunk and briar festooned with blue clematis."



PALISADE FALLS, IN MIDDLE CREEK.

"West Gallatin and Middle Creek canyons are worthy of separate chapters. When some Helen Hunt comes face to face with them, they will become famous."

worthy of separate chapters. When some Helen Hunt comes face to face with them, they will be famous. The beauty spread out before one on every side is so accessible that a delicate lady can command it. Yet the scenery is majestic. The mountains are high enough to keep snow in sight from our homes the year round, and sufficiently lofty to satisfy the ambition of most climbers. Several peaks, not far from town, can be ascended in the saddle almost to their tops—9,000 to 10,000 feet, and the views they afford will never be forgotten, wherever else one may wander.

The freedom from such pests as mosquitoes, buffalo-gnats, and alkali water is remarkable. Far up, and away from houses and roads, one may spread his bed under the stars and sleep without fear of beast or centipede or snake. When the country from Gallatin Valley on the north to the Teton Mountains south comes to be known for what it is, many tourists to Yellowstone Park will use their opportunity to indulge in one of the most varied, interesting and satisfactory outings anywhere to be had.

REMAINS OF PRODIGIOUS REPTILES.

Remains of the largest reptiles that ever lived were discovered in large numbers recently by Mr. Lawrence M. Lambe, F. G. S., of the Geological Survey. The *Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press* says that Mr. Lambe spent two months in the Red Deer District of the British Northwest Territories, and as a result he has secured some splendid fossil remains.

The fossils are remains of dinosaurs found in the cretaceous rocks. The dinosaurs were reptiles varying in length from twenty to sixty

feet. Some of them had three horns, one over the nose, the others near the eyes. They were either herbiferous or carnivorous, and existed ages before the mastodons.

Mr. Lambe also discovered the remains of turtles, alligators, and fish. In removing the fossils from the rocks great care had to be exercised. When he had exposed a section of a fossil he covered it with muslin, pasted on to prevent chipping. Then the soft cretaceous rock had to be carefully removed, and the whole fossil was secured.

The remains are very heavy, and Mr. Lambe and his assistant had plenty of hard work getting them to camp.

EARLY-RISING HUNTERS.

Not so many moons ago, the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle* says, our two townsmen, George Flanders and Wm. Lansing, went out hunting. They went far into the mountains, in search of big game. They started out early and tramped all day, with nothing to eat. After dark they arrived at an old cabin where they had left their edibles. They cooked supper by light of the fire, and went to bed intent upon arising before the break of day to pursue their game.

They had no alarm-clock, but Mr. Lansing said that this was unnecessary; he was a light sleeper, he said, and when it was time to get up he would awake.

"Yes," replied Mr. Flanders; "but you must remember that we are dead tired, and that we must get up before it is light."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Lansing; "just leave it to me, and I'll get you up in time, Geo."

In what seemed a very short time to the tired

Flanders, he was awakened by Lansing, who yelled:

"Get up, George! This isn't Sunday morning, and we're not going to have a late breakfast. Come, get up! breakfast is ready."

George got up, grumbling about having just gone to sleep; but after he had eaten a big breakfast and drank a strong cup of coffee, he felt better about it.

Then he looked at his watch. He had been in bed less than an hour. It was 9:30 p. m!

A BIG SHIP'S MAIDEN TRIP.

The largest whaleback ever built, the steamer Alexander McDougall, left the slip at the barge works at West Superior, Wis., the other day and went to the Mesaba ore-dock to load with 6,000 tons of ore for her maiden trip down the great lakes. Captain McDougall, the inventor of the whaleback, is of the opinion that boats will soon be going direct from Superior to Europe. He says:

"Next year the new Canadian canal will be opened, and it will offer a broader field for lake carriers. Boats carrying 2,000 to 2,200 tons will be able to go direct from Duluth to Montreal and Quebec, and thence to England and European ports. The new canal will permit of the passage of boats 270 feet long and drawing fourteen feet of water.

"Vessels of this kind can sail on the lakes during the season of navigation, and can then go to sea and remain there in commission all winter, when freight rates on the ocean will demand it. Within the next five years I expect to see a fleet of at least a hundred boats of this class trading between Duluth and European ports."

WHEN THE LEAVES TURN.

By John Talman.

Solemnity's spirit pervades

The woodland retreat where I stray;
In autumn's alembic the foliage fades,
Grown sapless and withered the turf's shining blades
In the hours of the lessening day.

In clusters of red berries clad,
The mountain-ash hallows the view;
The purple grapes bend, in profusion most glad,
The sinuous vine, and a tri-colored plaid
The forest walk carpets anew.

Through fast-thinning branches of beech,
Oak and maple the vague breezes sigh;
From tree-top and thicket, each calling to each,
Rise voices of birds ere they vanish to reach
Their goal of the warm Southern sky.

Beneath the brown knoll where I dream,
The broad Mississippi flows on
Like a strong, righteous purpose, while shadow and gleam
Are scattered by sunlight and grove on the stream,
As in days ere the summer was gone.

With magical loom Nature weaves
A shroud for the moribund year;
The ghost of the sepulchered Summer
now grieves
To witness the pride of her emerald
leaves
Red, yellow and russet appear.

How holy and solemn, though sweet,
The musings that prison my brain,
As dead acorns fall on the ground at my feet,
And balsamic winds utter low and repeat
The bars of their dirge-like refrain!

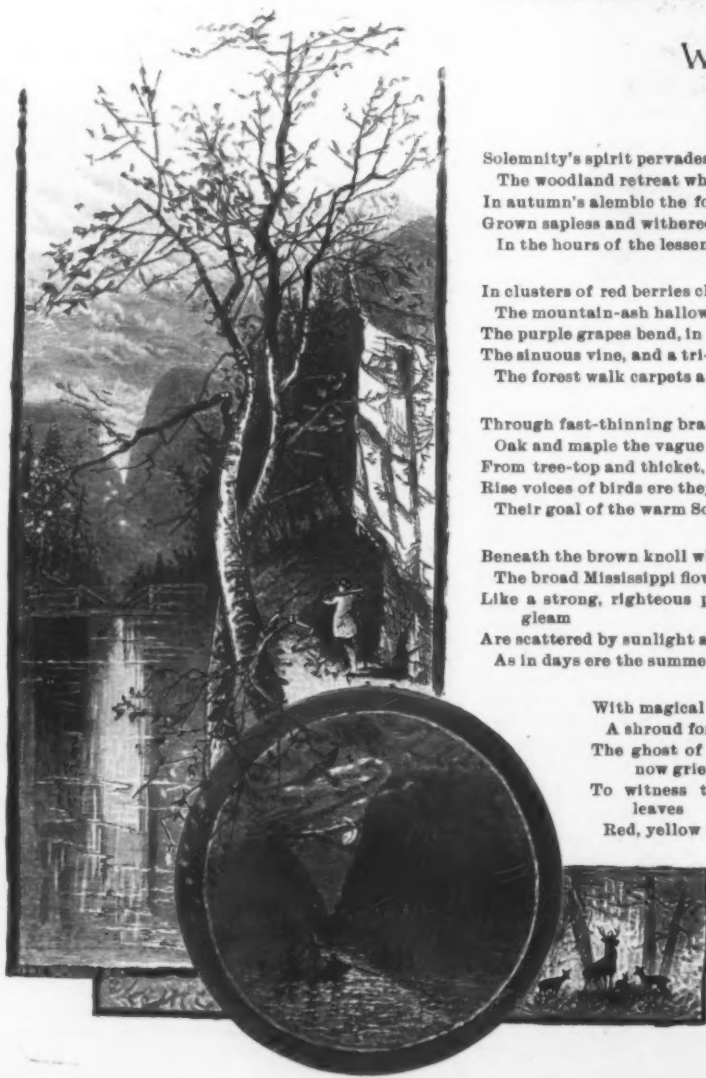
Though mantle of sadness may rest
On my soul as the dying flowers' breath
Sweeps over my senses, by solitude blest,
Subdued, tranquil joy finds a seat in my breast
As I gaze on these symbols of death.

My wandering fancy takes wing
To the far-away region where waves
Each bough of mine ancestral trees, and upspring
Blade and plant but to shrink at the frost-sexton's
sting
On the sod of my forefathers' graves.

Like the fruits and the blossoms of earth,
Men reach man's estate but to fall;
Between rise and fall, dissolution and birth,
What beggerly span, and of what little worth,
Decay's somber touch over all!

Creation her vesper has sung,
And darkens the occident sky;
Architraves of the dimmed empyrean among,
The tremulous waves of the sunset are flung,
And night's starry presence is nigh.

When thus into evening my day
Is merged and my story is told,
May equal peace mellow the shadows that play
Round the toll-tested form and the tansure of gray,
And the dark valley calm as this wold!



IRREPRESSIBLE JOHN CHINAMAN.

John Chinaman is the patient man-of-all-work in all the Pacific Coast region, and he has penetrated eastward as far as the Rocky Mountains, throwing out little advance communities as far east as Helena, Montana. He would no doubt be with us in large force here in St. Paul and Minneapolis if Congress had not passed the Exclusion Act. To get a good view of him, and to understand his character and his ways, you must go to Portland or to San Francisco, where there are thousands of them living as nearly as possible just as they did in the Flowery Kingdom.

John willingly makes of himself a beast of burden, and carries, hung to the ends of a stout stick, loads that would break down a donkey. There is not a lazy vein in him; he is always pegging away at some occupation or other. He is the butler, the cook, and the chambermaid of the Portland residences, and the Portland womenfolk would hardly know how to keep house without him. The mistress has to keep out of the kitchen, however, for almost the only thing John will not stand is to be bossed by a woman.

The best way to get along with him is to let him alone; he will get through with his work with plodding perseverance and with much more intelligence than you would expect from his facial expression. Unlike the ordinary servant girl, you do not have to stand over him and tell him what to do. It is enough for him to understand the result you want produced.

The Chinamen are expert market-gardeners. They lease little, worthless patches of ground around the Pacific Coast cities, fertilize them with great care, and with the help of their watering-pot system of irrigation produce excellent vegetables of all kinds. Speaking of this in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, some time ago, a correspondent said:

"Somewhere near a stream gurgles along—a stream that laughs and chatters, for it knows it can never die. No matter how it leaps or tumbles, or where it goes, it will live, for it comes from the eternal snows. From its life springs the life of the Chinese gardens. John turns the stream back and forth—a thread of

heaven-reflecting light—to supply his thriving plants. The pity of it is, that its usefulness ends in being directed up and down the green rows; for, were it allowed the freedom of the shack, it might cleanse away some of the stench that makes one grieve that a nose is part of nature's plan in the making of a perfect man!

"Perhaps at the end of the bridge which spans a canyon are several huddling forms. They are on all fours, looking down on the wooden sidewalk with an intent, concentric gaze. So quiet are they, so voiceless, that it is possible to creep up without attracting notice. A closer view shows their deft, bamboo-like fingers heaping pink radishes and red beets. Tender green and white onions have their spot; and so, too, have the yellow parsnips, which are not unlike the fingers that assort them. Bags and baskets are at hand, and, near by, a strong, well-built wagon—John's ship of commerce for transporting his wares. Very green the foliage—very black the shadows—very bright the sunlight that surrounds the group. They have in their droning, mechanical labor lost sight of their produce and see, instead, coin—coin that represents many hoeings, many lifted shovel-fuls, many sowings. And this is the harvest. The coin means sausage, bought in Chinatown; sausage coarsely ground, so that the fat and lean are not fused into one, but set in livid, unartistic mosaic. Coin means tea, rice, and boneless, sun-dried ducks, which, even on a string, are still full of action and seem about to beat their mummified wings in flight. It also means more wicker panniers, more blue jeans, more, in fact, of everything that stands for Celestial comfort. Then, too, is the half-sacred hard that goes home to the old mother."

John does not always use a wagon. After he has dug, hoed and irrigated enough to deem the times in joint, he constitutes himself his own donkey, balances the connective pole across his bowed back, and zigzags his way up the trail from the rich bottom-lands. Once on a level, he begins a queer little jog-trot down the street, the oblique windows of his eyes open to any bargain he may come across.

What he thinks about as he upturns the rich soil, has never yet passed into American history. It is safe, though, to suppose that his mind travels over the six thousand glittering, shivering miles that part him from the earth into which he first set spade. Again he sees the rice fields, the tea harvests. He contrasts the Yangtze-Ki-ang, bearing keelless junks whose stiff matting sails are handled with the peculiar dexterity of the Chinese seaman, and the quiet Willamette, where the ships spread their white canvas over the water like the hovering wings of birds of peace.

The garden in which he works is laid off by rule and line, and the toiler moves back and forth, his head covered by his native hat—the size of a parasol and the shape of a mushroom. His shirt-tail is his barometer: if it waves briskly it denotes dry, windy weather; if it hangs limp and lifeless, it denotes "Oregon mist."

The railroads in the Pacific Coast States have been mainly built by Chinese labor, and the section-men

along the lines are usually Chinamen. Contractors estimate that it takes three Chinamen to equal two white men in capacity for work. Railroad graders are hired in gangs from some merchant who has probably paid for the men the cost of their transportation from China, and who practically owns them until they have worked out their debt to him. If a man breaks away from this servitude before he has squared his account, he is in danger of his life at the hands of the Highbinders, who form a secret police and are a terror to all debtors and contract breakers. John is often a cunning rascal, but he is much more scrupulous about paying his debts than the average white man.

It is impossible for a white man to compete with a Chinaman in any field of labor in which the latter is allowed to get a foothold, for the reason that the Chinese standard of living is



HE IS HIS OWN DONKEY.

"John does not always use a wagon. After he has dug, hoed and irrigated enough to deem the times in joint, he balances the connective pole across his bowed back . . . and begins a queer little jog-trot down the street."

far lower than any that a white man is willing to adopt. Ten cents' worth of rice, flavored with a bit of salt pork or salt fish, will make three meals for a Chinaman. He does not drink beer or whisky, and five dollars a year will clothe him. Ten of them will cook, eat and sleep in a room that a white man would call a den.

What can be done by self-respecting laborers against men who practice such economies? By this time we would have had more than a million of the pig-tailed, slant-eyed Celestials in the United States if the Federal Government had not shut them out. As it is, only a few of them sneak in every year through the woods from British Columbia, and a few more come in on the steamers from China, furnished with certificates bought from returned immigrants who do not want to come back to America. This surreptitious immigration is not large enough to do any harm.

CHASING THE GLEAM OF GOLD.—Gold stampedes are nearly always unreasonable. Now and then new discoveries are all that they were reported to be, but in most instances a great hue and cry is raised over what proves a bitter disappointment. There was a regular stampede recently from Dawson City in the Klondike to the Dominion Creek hill and bench claims; about fifty miles away, over hills and marshes. This district was lately opened to location, and in two hours over 1,100 persons, men and women, had left Dawson for the promised land, to reach which required six days of laborious travel. Now the crusaders are returning in disgust, reports of the country having proved unreliable.



JOHN IN HIS GARDEN.

"They lease worthless patches of ground around the Pacific Coast cities, fertilize them with care, and with the help of their watering-pot system of irrigation produce excellent vegetables of all kinds."



How to Arrange Bric-a-Brac With Taste.

"Authorities upon decoration declare that there should be a culminating spot in the ornamentation of a room," says Helen Jay in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "In the ordinary room this culminating center is the fireplace and its mantel. Naturally, therefore, this is the place for the display of the choicest bits of bric-a-brac, and, generally speaking, of the smallest. In arranging these ornaments it is helpful to bear in mind the general rule that bronze requires a strong light, and that marble and delicately tinted china demand half shadow. Whatever the bric-a-brac, and wherever placed, it should always be kept exquisitely clean."

On the Sideboard.

In matrimonial engagements, men have to face the powder.

A late supper embraces things of which dreams are made.

It's better to marry and be boss, than never to have bossed at all.

A business man always reads the postscript of a woman's letter first.

The Spaniards try to avoid engagements, but the summer girl isn't built that way.

A girl never acquires a reputation as a vocalist until she begins to render her songs.

Whenever a woman reads of a man going wrong, she always wonders what the woman in the case was like.

A man's meaning is the same during courtship and after marriage, but it is expressed in different language.

A Rare Accomplishment.

In all the writer's extended acquaintance, among all the people ever met, there have been but two who possessed a certain accomplishment.

And yet it is one not impossible to acquire, and one that would aid tremendously to one's popularity. That is, the listening to one's name when introduced. Probably you will declare that you do that yourself. Perhaps you do, but can you, off-hand, use the name in speaking to the new acquaintance if you have never heard it before?

You will see at once how flattering it will seem, how great an interest it subtly betokens, if you can. But can you? As said above, in throngs of people met from time to time, but two persons are known to possess the trick. For it is a trick.

One is a clergyman to whose wide popularity the habit adds immeasurably. The other is a newspaper woman, who is generally loved, and who, doubtless, has secured her many friends by other just such thoughtful ways as this.

Brief Bits of Wisdom About Salt.

Used in washing the hair, it will prevent the hair from falling out.

A teaspoonful of salt in a lamp will make kerosene oil give a brighter light.

Added to a bucket of water, it forms a remarkably effective fire extinguisher.

A handful of rock-salt added to the bath is the next best thing to an ocean dip.

Dissolved in water and snuffed up the nos-

trils, it is of use in curing catarrh, but when chronic, its use must be persisted in night and morning for several months.

As a dentifrice, salt and water will not only cleanse but whiten the teeth, and will harden the gums.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of tea and the like in dishes that have been carelessly washed.

New calicoes, soaked in a strong solution of salt for an hour before washing, will retain their colors better.

When broiling steak, a pinch or two of salt thrown on the fire will quench the flames arising from the dripping fat.

A weak solution is good for sore throat, to be used as a gargle; and this is still better if a few grains of red pepper are added.

Ink-stains may be removed by the use of moistened salt. When it becomes discolored, remove it and use a fresh supply until no color remains.

A little salt in raw or boiled starch will prevent the irons from sticking, and make the starch whiter. If the irons are rough, lay some salt on a piece of muslin over it, and rub the irons on it until they are bright and smooth.

A bag of salt, heated and applied over a painful spot, is often very efficacious in allaying pain, especially those of a colicky nature in the stomach and bowels. A weak solution of salt in water is a good remedy for slight indigestion, especially that characterized by a sense of weight and oppression.

Little Things Worth Knowing.

To keep milk sweet for several days, add a teaspoonful of fine salt to every quart of new milk.

If sausages are rolled in flour before being fried it will prevent their breaking and also improve the flavor.

When cooking onions, place a pail of cold water at the kitchen door, which will prevent the smell from ascending.

A raw egg (with the shell removed), swallowed immediately will carry a fish-bone down that has got out of reach of the finger and cannot be removed from the throat by the utmost exertion.

Oil-cloth should be swept free from dust, then wiped with a cloth dipped in hot milk, and afterwards rubbed with a dry cloth. Washing oil-cloth with soap and soda and then leaving it wet, is ruinous.

To keep a pitcher of ice-water in the bedroom all night, without any perceptible melting of the ice, wrap in several thicknesses of newspaper, with the ends tightly twisted together to exclude the air.

The way to soften eggs that have (by mistake) been boiled too long is to get a basin of cold water, put the eggs in, and leave them for about half a minute, which will not only soften them but improve the flavor.

If you once wash your face in oil you will be an advocate of the practice for the rest of your days. Before going on a journey, see that the face is given a good oil bath, with plenty of massage thrown in. Repeat the process at the journey's end and you will be surprised at the good results.

When carafes or vinegar cruets take on a dingy hue that refuses to yield to ordinary treatment, fill with water to which a teaspoonful of household ammonia has been added, and allow them to stand overnight. In the morning, rinse thoroughly and the glass will be found crystal clear.

Many of the best housekeepers have forsworn the use of stove polish on the kitchen range, excepting once or twice in the season. Grease is now the monarch of the kitchen instead.

Once a week the stove is washed off in greasy water, and on the days between is merely wiped with a greasy cloth.

The white of an egg, gently rubbed on with a feather, will remove all specks of dust and fly marks from gilt frames; but if the frames are very dirty they must be rubbed all over with spirits of wine, and then washed with a good soap. It is said that if the frames are brushed over with water in which three or four onions have been boiled, flies will not touch them.

To clean brass and copper, when tarnished, rub the article with a solution of oxalic acid, made by dissolving an ounce of the acid in a pint of water; then wash it off, rub on some whiting, and polish well. For brass trays an excellent thing is Putz Pomade moistened with paraffin; it should be rubbed on with a piece of rag, left for a few minutes, then rubbed off with old leather, and afterwards polished with a clean one. Stains may be removed with pieces of lemon dipped in table salt.

To clean bronze, when very dirty, the article must be immersed in boiling soap-suds and then dipped in pure boiling water. Leave it to dry, and polish with a leather and a little whiting. Real bronzes should only be dusted and polished with a leather. Rinsing them in beer is supposed to be very good. The bronzes should then be put to dry in some warm place, such as the kitchen; but if they are dusted regularly and rubbed over with a leather, none of these processes will need to be adopted.

Wall-paper is generally cleaned with bread, but it is only satisfactory when done very well. A stale loaf of bread should be cut into four pieces, and after the walls have been well dusted each piece should be rubbed on to the paper perpendicularly. Only about a yard should be done at a time, and directly as the bread gets dirty the soiled part should be cut off. Great care must be taken to rub very lightly and evenly, always up and down, never across, i. e., horizontally. When the paper is stained with grease, etc., this should be removed beforehand by mixing fuller's earth with water to the consistency of cream, laying it on the spots, and leaving it over night; the next day it should be removed with a knife. If the paper is varnished, it requires only to be swept down with a soft-haired brush, and then washed with soap and water.

That Precious Baby of Ours.

The following conversation might well take place between any reasonable man and his better half. Every unprejudiced father will read it with delight; every prejudiced mother—and her name is legion, will read it with scorn. But here is the dialogue:

"Isn't that baby of ours gifted with high intelligence?" asked the father.

"I should think it was about time that you saw that! Every one else has known it for months. Everybody says that he's the finest baby they ever saw," the wife replied.

"Physically?"

"Every way."

"Does he know anything?"

"How can you ask such a question? He knows everything."

"When you say he knows everything, you mean that he has some sort of dim consciousness of the scenes and objects around him?"

"I mean that he actually knows. He knows as well as you or I."

"Do you suppose that he knows the difference between right and wrong—as well, for instance, as Ponto does?"

"Oh, please don't compare your own child to a dog!"

"Ponto is four years old. He's very bright, and he certainly knows the difference between

right and wrong. Now, the baby is only six months old, and could hardly be expected to know—"

"How blind and absurd you men are!"

"Do you really think that he has moral sense?"

"I am not going to answer any such absurd question."

"But, seriously, truly, do you?"

"He has just as much as you or I."

"You really believe that?"

"I know it."

"Has he any reasoning power?"

"Most certainly he has."

"Enough to enable him to trace the connection between cause and effect?"

"Of course."

"Supposing that he did something, and the consequences were agreeable. Would he know enough to do it again?"

"Decidedly, he would."

"And if the consequences were unpleasant, would he leave it undone?"

"You know very well that he would."

"No; I was in doubt about it. Now that you've settled that, just let me suggest something for the sake of family peace. That baby is conceded to be the healthiest little animal in the neighborhood. He's as fat as butter and as strong as a little horse. Yet the moment he wakes out of sleep he sets up a yell that can be heard on the next block. It isn't a weak wail of distress; it is the full-lunged bellow of commanding insolence. Every yell is a command, and if he is not instantly obeyed he punishes us with dreadful uproar. He won't lie still a moment, not even after being fed. Some one must carry him all the time. And lately he has become fantastic in his tastes, and demands that the person carrying him shall perform a jig step as he walks. If he was in pain, now, I would say nothing; but you yourself say that he never has any pain; and he proves it by the way he smiles the very moment he gets his own way. He turns his double chin and looks at you with a broad, good-natured grin, such as a blase Oriental potentate might bestow on obedient slaves."

"What are you talking about, and what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean just this, my dear, that if he is really a responsible being, like Ponto, it is your duty to reverse your past course of procedure. Whenever he sees fit to be disagreeable and to introduce discord in the family circle, you have taken pains to be as agreeable as possible to him. This has confirmed his course. He finds that the more trouble he makes the better he is treated. Naturally, he devotes as much of his time as he can spare to making trouble."

"And—"

"Well, if he found that when he was unpleasant it made matters unpleasant for him; that instead of being soothed and petted and carried about he was laid across the maternal knee and—"

"What! a six-months-old infant? A poor, innocent little thing that does not know anything at all? And you actually would think of—But you reason like a man—just exactly like a man!"

A Novel Letter on Good Health.

The following letter to the Kansas City Health Reporter is as full of good sense as it is self-explanatory. The writer says:

"I took mine pen in hand to write you some-tings apout good health. Health vas a fery good ting to haf in der family. But if you haf it, you must took good care dot it don't run aroundt loose, or der Cherms und Mike Robes will eat it full of holes.

"Health, mit holes in it, makes tings on-bleasant for you, und it vill scare your friendts who vas in der life inshoorence bisness. Your health may get holes in it from eder external or internal causes. If a purglar, or some odder feller, shoots you a couple of times, dot vas called external infloences. If you carry yourself too full of schteam und go a fast gait until der holes come, den dot vas due to internal infloences. Von vas as dancherous as der odder, und bote vill bear vatching.

"If you haf health in der family, und take good care of it, it vill make you shtrong und happy; it vill gif your vife a schweet temper, und vill make your children peautiful. But, if you don't vatch outt it vill get away from you,

pottom of some meticine pottle, nixcum-rousel. You vont find it in some dirty cellar or garret, where fresh air und der sun nefer comes, nor in some house where efery vindow vas shut oop tight like a trum. Nix, a tousand times nix! If you vant to haf health, you must keep away from der calomel, opium und morphine box; health don't stop aroundt where pisen vas. Den, you must keep yourself und your house clean and schweet. You must also haf good food to eadt, good vater to trink, und pure air to preathe; den you vas getting pooty close aroundt where health vas. Den, you must lofe somebody—maybe your vife, if she don't talk too much—for vhen you lofe somebody, you haf somedings to life for und you vill be petter in



WHERE SPRING AND AUTUMN MEET.

"The velvet moss seems carpet meet
For this sweet fairy's tender feet."

den you petter look oudt right sharp; dhere vas dancher ahead! Fellers who haf lost dtheir health get awful sick sometimes. Only chust der odder day a feller in Philadelphia died, but der doctors said dot he might haf lifed a fery long time if he'd had good health. Dot vas der opinion of fery scientific men, so vatch outt a little.

"Took care of your health, if you haf got it, und if you hafn't got it, you had petter scratch aroundt lifely und get it. It vas not so hardt to find, if you look in der right blace for it. But, I pet you a helluf a tollar, dot you wouldn't look in der right blace. You vont find it in der

your mind; und vhen you vas well in your mind der body vont trouple you so much.

"Remember dis now, vat I toldt you: If you vant health in der family, you can't haf too much lofe aroundt der house. You must first lofe efery von in der family, fery hardt. Den, you must lofe your napors (not guite so hardt, esbecially der vimmin folks), und you must make tings bleasant for der hired man. If you lofe eferybody like dot—all hoomanity und efery created ting—den der Lordt vas mit you, und where He is, all vas peace, happiness und health.

"FRITZ DEIDERICK, F. O. G. S.
(Vich means full of good spirits.)"



"The expression of excitement and passion on the men's faces was mixed with a look of surprise and indecision."

ON THE IRON RANGE.

By Charles Alexis McCann.

Doctor French was a man forty-five years of age, enjoying a paying practice in a large Western city. Although he was my senior by many years, we were fast friends. He was a man whom the world would have worshiped, had he permitted it; and, not permitting, it revered and respected him. He impressed me as a man who could accomplish anything he wished. Success he did not court. He did enough to show his powers, and stopped there, apparently lacking motive to proceed. Of his youthful days I knew little, except that he was a Yale graduate and came from a good family.

One evening early in the fall I visited his rooms. He had recently returned from an extended vacation abroad.

When I came in he was looking over an illustrated magazine, which, I could see, bore a date many years back. After I had lighted a cigar, we sat in silence. Presently he pushed the book toward me and directed my attention to a sketch. It was evidently a scene from a mining district. The time was night. A group of men, miners apparently, surrounded a man who lay bound on the ground. Beside him knelt a woman. A horse, having a lady's saddle upon him, stood near. The expression of excitement and passion on the men's faces was mixed with a look of surprise and indecision, as if an element on which they did not reckon had entered into the game.

Near by was a shaft-house and a few old

buildings, making the whole place look like a disused mining-camp. The sketch was well drawn, and I looked at the doctor for an explanation. He was gazing away, and, as I had learned never to force his moods, I waited.

After a time he turned to me and said:

"You have been pleased to say, on one or two occasions, that you believed life would give me whatever I asked of it. Well, listen to me, and judge how successful I was in the one request on which I staked my life's happiness.

"As you know, or perhaps as you don't know, before I came here I was assistant physician to a mining company on the Minnesota iron ranges. The wonderful deposit of iron in that region was then the talk of the world. I was situated in a typical mining town—everything new, and the people rough and careless. One dollar a month was taken from the men's wages for medical attendance, and in return they were nursed and cared for at their homes or in the hospital without additional charge. The practice in surgery was excellent, and it was there that I laid the foundation of whatever success I may have achieved since.

"Captain Reading was the manager for the Minnesota Limited Iron Company, which controlled the output on our range. Some of the iron which he forced from the earth seemed to have penetrated his soul. The company was his religion; business, his God.

"Sentiment touched this man at one point,

and at one point only. He had a daughter, and he loved her. When I came to the range she was at school in Boston, where the captain had a sister. Her mother died when she was young, but Captain Reading made up in devotion to his little girl even for the love of a mother. When his business could spare him he would take that trip, half the length of a continent, with the devotion of a lover, to spend a few hours with her. On one of those trips he brought her home with him.

"It always seemed a paradox to me that that rare flower should be found for even a time in that wild region; yet true men and women were up there in goodly numbers,—men who responded when the note of manhood was struck, and women who were there because their husbands or their fathers were. Certain it is that Florence—that was her name—lived there apparently contented.

"Few called this girl beautiful, nevertheless she was so, because she was rare. Her figure was drooping, her mouth large, her eyes blue, and looking into them you seemed to be looking into infinity. Her hair waved in dark-brown tresses, and her voice, naturally sweet, was mellowed by culture. Her nature was finely strung. She was very timid, but she was fond of outdoor life and, when roused, was physically courageous. Few knew the richness and variety of her nature, but all people of discernment appreciated her.

"I was not fool enough not to fall in love with this girl. I gave her all, and I would have given her a hundred-fold more had it been in my power. But she was a woman's woman, and made few friends among the men. She exacted that chivalrous attention from men which comes to some women naturally, but which, with others, is the effect of convent training.

"There was very little of what we called society in the place, but we met occasionally. She rode horseback, and once or twice we rode together. As I came to know her better I saw, or thought I saw, in her every excellency which makes a woman lovable.

"Things were going on in this way when, one evening, I was at the depot as the train came in. There was a rush to the ranges in the summer, and, watching the faces of the new-comers, I noticed one alight who did not appear as if he had come to mine, nor was he a drummer. He was large, and had a fine physique. His arm filled his coat-sleeve, and he had a swinging gait. He wore no beard, and had a strong face. I put him down for a college man, and wondered on what football team he had played. He did not take the omnibus, but hurried away as though wishing to attract as little attention as possible. That evening at the hotel I looked at the register and saw, among other names, that of 'H. Merton, Boston.'

"From the clerk's description, I knew that this was the name of the man whom I had noticed at the depot. I asked who he was, and received the information that he had ordered a room and expressed the hope that he would get work in the mines.

"'But is he a miner?' I asked.

"'He doesn't look it, was the reply. If he tries that business, in a week's time his hands will not be so soft and white as they are now.'

"The next morning, when I came in he was at breakfast. He was dressed in a suit of black corduroy, and wore mining-boots. I watched him as he ate. If you would learn, in a short time, of a man's general culture, watch him eat. This man ate as if he neither despised the operation nor yet set too much store by it. He was certainly a gentleman. My curiosity was excited; why was he here seeking work as a miner?

"That evening the landlord told me that the new arrival had secured work at Shaft No. 1, and was to work nights. He was the only miner stopping at this hotel; the other guests were officials, clerks, and business men.

"Some time after he went to work in the mines, I had occasion to visit the general blacksmith shop of the company to dress a man's wounded hand. There was a slate hanging in the blacksmith-shop, on which the miners who brought tools to the shop wrote the directions when the smiths were busy. This day I noticed on the slate a sketch of two drills, one pointed and the other dull. I asked the smith what it meant, and whose work it was?

"The smith, who was a Cornish man, said: 'Hit's the bloody, bleddin' bloke 'at wears the gloves; 'e wants the bloody drills sharpened.'

"I found out that he was as much a mystery to the miners as he was to me. Workmen resent aloofness in a fellow workman, and, if they cannot overcome his reserve, they make him a butt. They tried this with the stranger, but he knocked one of them down; so they let him alone.

"The following Sunday he was in the hotel lobby after dinner. I offered him a cigar, and tried to draw him into a conversation, but with no success. Later in the afternoon I was walking near an open mine of the company's. Seated on a stump above the mine was a man with an artist's frame before him. It was the mysteri-

ous miner. When he saw me he arose, folded his frame, and walked towards the woods.

"Some days after this, when I entered the hotel the landlord said, 'Our gentleman miner is upstairs on his back, down with the damps. He wants to see you.'

"The disease known as the damps is peculiar to those working under-ground, and is caused by foul air and the absence of sunlight. I found that his case was not serious, and that he would be well in a few days. When I went to the table to write a prescription, I turned over a paper which I found there. On it was a pencil sketch, very well drawn, of a lady on a horse, and that lady was Florence. A jealous blush rose to my cheeks. What business had he to make a sketch of her—and who the mischief was he, anyway? As I was about to leave, I said to him:

"'Mining is not your business, is it?'

"'Oh, no; but I fancy the experience.'

"'Well,' I said, 'if you fancy further experience you had better take it in the sunlight. Working nights eighty feet under-ground is not the most healthful occupation.'

"'No,' he answered; 'I think I have had enough of under-ground work.'

"'Excuse me,' I said; 'I could not help but see that sketch upon the table, and I am led to infer that you are an artist.'

"This appeared to annoy him, and he looked at me sharply.

"'Oh, that? I saw the lady passing, and drew it from memory. Do you know her? Is it a good picture?'

"'Very; you have an excellent memory. But the young lady—'

"'Shall not be annoyed,' he interrupted. 'Hand me the sketch, please.'

"I handed it to him, and he tore it up.

"'I drew it for my own pleasure, not for exhibition,' he said with meaning. Then he added, 'I believe you said I might expect to be around in a day or two. I shall follow your directions to the letter.'

"I felt angry. This man had excited my curiosity, yet refused to gratify it. What business had a man with white hands and the air of a gentleman to be passing himself off as a miner? And what business had he making sketches of his employer's daughter?

"I paid him another visit the next day, and I noticed that, if I was studying him, he was also studying me.

* * *

"Two weeks passed," the doctor continued, "and the miner did not return to work. I saw little of him, and was beginning to lose interest in him, when, picking up a magazine which had just arrived, I saw something which I thought threw a light upon his errand to the mining region. It was an illustrated article upon the iron ranges, very well written and cleverly illustrated, especially in the interior scenes. On the heel of the magazine came a letter from the company to Captain Reading, asking him to show the magazine's representative every courtesy. This Captain Reading was pleased to do, especially as the article placed the company in a favorable light, and said some complimentary things about himself.

"He called on H. Merton at the hotel, and, regretting that he had not made himself known sooner, offered to give him all the information in his power, winding up by asking him to dinner. Merton declined the invitation, pleading business in another part of the range.

"Two events then followed, in quick succession, which made the fall of that year memorable to those on the range. But so completely do those events seem to have been forgotten, and the actors scattered, that one does not wonder that greater events, such as

the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, remained for centuries a sealed book. One of these events was the strike, and the other was the fire.

"The price of iron-ore had fallen, and to meet the fall in price a cut was ordered in the men's wages. The wages paid would now be considered high even after the cut, but the men objected, and, as I thought, with justice.

"The night of the day on which notice was given to the men of the cut, a meeting of the miners was held in the fire-hall. I was returning from visiting a patient, and, seeing the hall full of miners, entered out of curiosity. The hall was dimly lighted. The men were standing, and were packed closely. I had never seen so many workmen together before, and the scene impressed me. The speeches made were of an inflammatory kind, and I could see that a strike was imminent. Those who did most of the talking seemed to glory in the work. Among every body of workmen are some agitators; and too often, as in this case, they have just cause for agitating.

"After a most violent speech, a man pushed his way through the throng and ascended the platform. It was Merton, still dressed in the suit of black corduroy, and wearing miners' boots.

"He addressed the miners as fellow workmen. His tones were clear and distinct, and his presence superb. He told them that although their cause was just and the company had no right to make them bear the loss of the fall in price of iron ore, still it was not then politic to strike. He pointed out to them that the season was late; that navigation would soon close; that the company's stock-piles were still large; that the open mines would close down with the coming of winter, and that the company could well afford to shut down the others. He advised them to accept the cut and to await a more favorable time. They refused to listen to reason, however, and yelled him down. As he attempted to make his way through the hall they closed in on him, and curses and cries of 'traitor!' 'spy!' greeted him from numerous quarters. They jostled him, and finally blows began to fall upon him.

"'Fools!' he said, 'I am your friend. Hold your hands.'

"But they continued to press on, and I was afraid they would murder him. I then saw him perform a physical feat which I have never seen equaled. I heard his voice above the howling:

"'If you think I am going to stand here to be murdered, you make the mistake of your lives!'

"He dashed right into their midst, and for a moment his boldness kept them inactive; but he had the length of that densely-packed hall to make. They pressed in on him, and those that were nearest struck. There were some who tried to aid him, and many struck and pressed from pure wantonness. He parried the blows as best he could, while he kept constantly turning. Again he would lower his head, protect it with his arms, and charge the crowd, throwing these rough men aside as though they were children.

"I started toward him; a few of the men knew me and let me pass. Every moment I expected to see him fall. I tried to make myself heard, but to no purpose. Still that whirlwind kept coming on.

"At length—it seemed an age—I reached him, and when the men saw me protecting him they stopped. He was pale and bleeding, and his strength seemed gone. When we reached the open air he leaned against the building a few moments. Then, shaking himself like a dog, he said:

"It was worse than a football game. You saved my life. I'll not forget it."

"I accompanied him to the hotel, and dressed his wounds."

"The next day there was no ore mined on the property of the Minnesota Limited. The saloons were wide open. There was no law but the miners' will. They were noisy that night, but did little damage. On the following morning a delegation waited on Captain Reading, but they reached no agreement. Reading received several threats, and then sent an urgent telegram to the sheriff at Duluth for a force of deputies. This was on the 16th, and the morning of the 17th he received a reply that they would come on a special train, which would arrive about eight o'clock that evening."

"In the meantime, much whisky and frequent meetings were doing their work. Five hundred miners paraded the streets. Windows were broken, and a building or two were fired. At six o'clock about twenty of us gathered at the office of the company. Trouble was expected, and that soon. Half an hour afterward Merton joined us, with the news that the miners had in some way heard of the coming of the deputies, and had sent a detachment to tear up the tracks some distance from the town. The rest were to march on the company's headquarters, and were prepared to plunder and destroy."

"That train must be flagged," Captain Reading said.

"I have already sent men to do that," Merton answered. "The train will be stopped outside of the town, and the deputies will march in."

"Captain Reading looked at him in surprise."

"Can the men you sent be trusted?" he asked.

"Merton said he would answer for them, and the captain was satisfied."

"We all looked to Captain Reading for leadership, and I wondered what he would do to oppose the five hundred miners who would shortly be upon him. I soon learned. He said he would protect the company's property with his life. There were six revolvers, two rifles, and two shotguns in the company. His plan was to meet the miners and oppose their progress. I thought this foolhardy, and told him so. He asked if I had a better plan to suggest, but before I could answer, Merton broke in:

"Captain Reading," he said, "I think I can stop those men, or at least delay them until the deputies arrive. If I fail, then you can meet them and throw away your lives if you wish to."

"We were all beginning to have considerable respect for this artist, and when he made known his plan the captain said, with an oath, that he ought to be leader there in place of himself."

"The company's offices and buildings were about half a mile from the town. They were accessible, on account of the surrounding swamps, by but one road. Along this road the miners would of necessity come. Merton asked for two sticks of dynamite, some fuse, a pick and shovel, and two men. I offered myself as one of the men."

"He led us down the road some two hundred yards, and there we dug two holes, with trenches leading to either side of the road. The holes were about two feet deep; into each was inserted a stick of dynamite, to which caps and fuses were attached. Then we put back the dirt, packed it down carefully, and took our places by the roadside to await the miners."

"Have you ever seen a mob, maddened by drink, bent on redressing a real or fancied wrong? The individuals seem to lose their own spirits and become possessed with the demon of lawlessness. The human being is earthy then; he smells of it."

"When I saw that mass approaching, I was struck with terror. The failure of our scheme meant death to us. I was thinking of Florence. While they were yet some distance away, Merton tied a handkerchief to a stick, and went out to meet them. He was hailed by cries of derision, and one or two men raised their weapons. But the leaders thought it well to hear him."

"Men," Merton said, calmly, "Captain Reading is not to blame for the strike; he is only obeying orders. But he is going to protect the company's property. There are twenty men fully armed at headquarters, and the whole place is surrounded with mines." (This strategic lie was told with beautiful earnestness.) "If you attempt to go on, these mines will be fired. You know with whom you are dealing, so take warning!"

"An angry shout of unbelief interrupted him, and the miners started forward. One or two shots were fired at Merton as he ran back to where I was. When he came near he shouted, 'Light the fuse!' I struck a match and applied it to the fuse on my side. A second later he had fired the fuse on the opposite side. Then we took to our heels. The miners knew what the lighted fuse meant, and halted in confusion. They had thought the story of the mines an idle threat, and were not prepared to see that threat so suddenly executed. Those that were in advance pressed backward, and those in the rear crowded forward, cursing and yelling until the fearful sound of the explosion drowned their cries and obscured them from our view. It was now nearly dark, and when the smoke had cleared away we stood on the road and looked at each other."

"Supposing they still come on?" he queried.

"We need expect no mercy," I replied.

"On the other side of the hole made by the explosion stood the miners—angry, but irresolute and confused."

"The sight of us makes them angry," Merton said; "you better go back to the others. I mean to stay here and watch the next move."

"As I was about to go, he held my arm and said:

"If they come on and attack us, what about Miss Reading's safety?"

"For some reason this nettled me, and a suspicion crossed my mind. I answered, coldly, that Captain Reading would doubtless be able to provide for his daughter's safety."

"When I got back I found that Florence, alarmed by the noise of the explosion, had joined her father. I called her aside and asked her to beg her father not to oppose the miners with force, but to endeavor to gain time until the deputies, who must be near, should arrive. She was pale and alarmed, but she had her father's will-power, and I could see that she was prepared to play a part, if need be, in this trouble. 'There must be no bloodshed,' she remarked. 'I shall entreat the men myself, if papa does not.'"

"A brief period of anxiety passed. Then Merton joined us. The men, he said, had divided; one party was making the circuit of the swamps, and might attack us from the rear. Florence was standing near her father when the correspondent appeared, and while he was speaking she grasped her father's arm, her cheeks growing red and pale by turns. Merton looked at her. She gave him a timid, inquiring glance, and stepped behind her father. I knew then that they had met before."

"Fifteen minutes later the sheriff, with one hundred well-armed deputies, came marching up the road. There were wild times in the town that night, but the company's property was safe."

"A little later we were at Captain Reading's

house, feeling secure and thankful, when a man came to the door and reported that Merton had been assaulted near the hotel and had been carried off along the lake road."

"Florence, who had risen, uttered a wild cry and turned to us:

"Quick! quick! if you are men," she said, and darted from the room."

"The sheriff and myself led a number of men on the run towards the town. On the road we met the team going to the depot for the mail. We compelled the driver to turn, and started on a gallop through the town for the lakeside. We heard hoofs clattering behind, and soon a horse, going like the wind, passed us. On it was Florence, leaning forward in her saddle and urging her horse. She called to us as she went by, but I did not understand what she said. I shouted at the top of my voice, but she did not stop. I snatched the reins from the driver's hands, and lashed the horses. I was frantic, but not on Merton's account."

"A mile farther on we saw a light, and turned in. You see in that sketch, what we saw in life. The miners dispersed as we came up; but one of the cowards, before leaving, dealt the prostrated man a blow on the head. Florence fell fainting across the body."

"I had many patients at this time, but my chief care was for Merton. His case was critical. Besides the wounds from being dragged so great a distance with a rope, the blow on the head brought on brain fever. I listened to his raving,—I could not help it,—and learned some things I had not known before. A great temptation assailed me, but I thank God that I overcame it."

"My patient, thanks to his fine constitution, recovered. One evening on my return from dinner, while Merton was still weak, I was surprised to meet Florence, accompanied by the nurse, just leaving his room. Florence came towards me with outstretched hands, her eyes moist and shining, and her face flushed. Never did I struggle so hard to control my feelings as at that moment."

"You are a good and noble man," she said, "and God will bless you for what you have done."

"I only performed my duty, but she little knew that in doing it—that in saving her lover, I had rent my own heart."

"Two weeks passed," the doctor went on, after a pause. "The strike was ended and the men were back at work. Merton was about again, and expressed the intention of returning to the East in a short time."

"Captain Reading had neglected him during his illness, and when they met after his recovery he ungraciously cut him."

"I thought I knew the animus of this, and found a secret satisfaction in it. I had resolved not to give up the fight until she was absolutely and forever out of my life."

"The memorable first of October came. Rain had not fallen for months. The ground was cracked and open, as if gaping for water; dust lay inches deep on the iron-ore roads. The small lakes and streams were dried up. The trees were bare of leaves, and the whole landscape had a withered, parched appearance."

"Early on this morning a man appeared at the hotel and reported that the woods were on fire east of the town. The people received the news with strange apathy. After breakfast, while walking near the outskirts of the town, I found Merton watching a few men removing some wood four or five rods inward from the timber."

"Fools!" said he, "before night you will have been taught a greater respect for the element you are fighting." Then, turning to me, he said, "What does Captain Reading propose do-

ing with all that wood piled near the timber?"

"I don't know," I answered. "It would take hundreds of men to remove that wood before the fire comes."

"The hundreds of men should be put at it," he retorted. "It is the only means of saving this town."

"Have you had experience in forest fires?" I asked.

"One does not need experience," he answered, "where one's judgment tells what is sure to happen."

"A little later I went to Captain Reading's office, and found him in a towering passion. Merton had been there, and, as the captain said, 'was dictating my business to me.'"

"Reading was in an ugly humor, that morning, and it was only after much persuasion that he could be prevailed upon to take the ordinary precaution, customary when the town was in danger from terrible forest fires, to telegraph to Duluth for a special train."

"About nine o'clock a stiff breeze from the east sprung up. The smoke clouds floated over the town. By eleven we could hear the roar of the fire. It was coming on like a trotting moose. The powder was lowered into a shaft, to keep it from exploding. By half-past eleven it was upon us. The very atmosphere was on fire. The boom and crackle were terrorizing. The frame buildings blazed up like so much powder, and there were three thousand beings, frantic and terror-stricken, shouting and running hither and thither."

"Captain Reading worked like a demon to save the company's property, and Merton worked to save human lives. After a while a timber fell on Reading, and we laid him on the hand-car. The people gathered in an open place below the depot. The train must come soon, or the fire would cut us off from retreat in that direction. Merton stood over the hand-car with his revolver. At length he could hold it no longer, and, placing Florence by her father, he motioned to me to take some of the men and escape. But Florence stepped from the car and stood by Merton, whereupon some of the men forced the car from us and sped down the track."

"Women and children were deserted. The men took the horses, and fled toward the lake. Others attempted to keep ahead of the fire on foot. The heat was now terrific. The railway ties ignited. One's skin began to blister. The fire was fast closing in on us. The whistle of the engine was heard, however, and life was still in us. Such a shout arose from the people as the souls of the damned might utter if let loose from hell."

"There were coaches, freight-cars, and ore-cars. Each was a palace-car to us. They had met the hand-car, and Captain Reading was aboard. Florence fainted in the crush, and it was I who carried her into a car. Just then a man, two hundred feet away, was seen struggling to free some horses from a burning stable. A portion of the roof fell on him. Merton saw it, and ran to his assistance. The engineer blew his whistle and I called frantically to Merton. 'Better two lives than three thousand,' the engineer muttered; and the train started."

"I attempted to jump from the train, but they held me. Ah! they had not to meet Florence when she became conscious and asked for Merton."

"I did not tell her till we arrived in Duluth. I thought then, and think now, that it was easier, much easier to face the fire, as Merton did, than to tell her of it."

"She did not swoon when I had finished. No, she acted. It was Florence Reading who went to the railway president and secured the en-

gine and coach to go back to the fire. Florence Reading was on that train when it started; I was on it, also."

"Rain had fallen in torrents an hour after we left the charred and blackened town, and that rain saved much timber in Northern Minnesota. I noticed this as the train seemed to crawl back to the scene of destruction. But we came at length to where the fire was still burning, though no longer making headway. A little farther on the ties were charred and the rails loose, so we got off and walked. Physical action was a relief. Florence sped along the track buoyed by an unnatural strength, and some men followed with two stretchers."

"I cursed Merton, dead or alive, for a romantic fool or a madman. This girl, running along by my side, was under a terrible strain, and I feared for her life or her reason."

"We had gone about three miles, and were yet about five miles from the site of the town, when we saw in the distance some objects on the track. Florence darted from my side, and I had difficulty keeping up with her. The objects were Merton, whose face was terribly burned, and the teamster, whose life he had with difficulty saved. They rode the horses, loosed from the burning stable, into an old dug-out, where they liberated the animals and fought death till the rain came."

"Merton, when he saw Florence and realized what she had done, gave a cry like a wounded hound which recognizes his kind master; and she, all her reserve gone, was a noble woman whose soul was stirred to its depth. The picture I saw of the strong man, weakened and unnerved, and the girl in his arms, both sobbing like children, will remain with me."

"Some weeks afterward I learned that Florence and he first met in Boston. She denied his suit, and love brought him to the ranges. His full name was H. Merton Swem. A desire to remain unknown had caused him to shave his beard and to abridge his name."

"I hated him for coming into my life and robbing me thus, but I bowed down before his pluck or luck, perhaps both."

"A year later they were married. She was all beautiful; he was scarred with fire-burns, eternal badges of his heroism. Since then he has won a place for himself among the artists of America."

"I have worked hard and have tried to forget; but on my late trip, before leaving France, I called at No. 24 Rue Nausman and met Mr. Swem and his wife. Her face is young, but her hair is white. And he? Well, life gave him all he asked, and took only his beauty."

"You, my friend, have been pleased to say that you believe the world would give me whatever I asked of it. On one request I bent all my energies and staked all my life's happiness, and it was denied me."

THE GROWTH OF PACIFIC COAST OYSTERS.

A matter of some importance to oystermen and one which, until recently, has been merely a subject of conjecture, has been settled by Mr. M. Wachsmuth of Oysterville, Wash. This, the South Bend Pilot of that State says, relates to the growth of oysters and the size they will attain in a certain length of time.

Mr. Wachsmuth has determined by unerring experiment that oysters will attain the size of a ten-cent piece within three months from the time the spawn is deposited. It had hitherto been contended that it would take a year or even a longer time for oysters to attain that size. Mr. Wachsmuth believes that these bivalves grow much more rapidly than has hitherto been supposed.

THE LOST CHILD.

'Twas when the wilderness was young,
(No very olden day.)
When scarce the piney woods had rung
The axman's sturdy play,
That two, at threshold of their life,
And threshold of the wild,
Had wended West—good man and wife,
And Love's first pledge, their child.

One morning in the autumn, when
The willows all along
The brook-side in the mountain glen
Were like a sunset song,
A spirit of the darksome woods
Breathed in the young child's ear—
Whose hairs were sunny likelihoods
To autumn's yellow gear.

The young child heard, obeyed, and went
Forth to the forest aisles;
Forsook the scanty settlement,
Forgot its mother's smiles,
It followed far the forest shade,
Or sought the river's flow,
Of tinted leaves a bed it made—
They traced its wanderings so.

Oh, many a far, rough mountain league
The anxious father went,
And kindly friends forgot fatigue
Till many a day was spent,
Though here they found it lay to rest
Close to a wild beast's lair,
And farther, when its hunger pressed,
It fed where fed the bear.

The child evades. Then solemn, slow,
The soft October rain
Obscured the land, and soon the snow
Made further searching vain.
No ever-looked-for courier brings
Good news from farther scope;
Yet we relinquish sturdier things,
But may not banish hope.

For, even in the after years,
Some night-sound, close adoor,
Would start the ready, gladning tears
From mother's eyes once more;
And when to father, far afield,
On some still, autumn day
The distant panther's laughter pealed,
His pulse would faster play.

Now children are about them grown,—
The years, the years go on;
And some have children of their own,
While some are dead and gone.
They mourned awhile the early dead,
That God made fit to die;
They hear no more their voice or tread,
But still know where they lie.

But ever to the mother's mind
The long, long lost appeared
An image holy, like the kind
By worshippers revered;
And, blooming as she saw it last,
Not dead,—a thing of clay,—
The sweet child-picture of the past
Had never passed away.

Swart engineers of first survey
Drew near that peaceful scene,
Precursors of the iron way—
'Twas autumn, soft, serene;
The willows in the mountain glen
Were like a sunset song,
When passed he, chief of all the men,
And mutely viewed it long.

Remembrance woke, and, spurring fast
The mettled mount he rode,
Drew rein before the place, at last,
That once was his abode;
"Where is the mother of the child
Was lost one distant fall?
For I am he that from the wild
Came forth, forgetting all!"

There gathered 'round him joyous kin—
Brothers, and sisters near;
The proud old father led him in
To greet his mother dear;
He that was lost was found again,
The halo of success
On his strong features written plain,
Great cause for joyfulness.

The mother—like a timid maid
At lover's first caress—
The son's fond clasping scarce repaid,
Scarce beamed with tenderness:
Give her the child that long ago
The great woods took and kept,
None other could replace it now,—
The mother turned, and wept!

Fort Smith, Ark.

L. A. OSBORNE.



His Apology was Accepted.

A little incident which happened in a well-known First Avenue banking establishment recently, soon after the arrival of the treasure-ship Charles Nelson, is a strong illustration of the peculiar condition of affairs existing in Dawson and now to some extent reflected in Seattle, states the *Post-Intelligencer* of that city. A burly Klondiker walked up to the receiving teller's desk and, drawing a bulky pocket-book from his inside pocket, drew from it a certificate of deposit for \$5,000, issued by a bank in Dawson.

"There!" he remarked, as he slapped the greasy piece of paper down in front of the wondering clerk. "There! I think you'll find that all right. Just put that to my credit, will you? I'm Jim —," mentioning a name known from one end of the Yukon Valley to the other. "I reckon you've heard of me."

"Ahem, yes, Mr. —; that's all right," replied the clerk, after a hasty examination of the paper; "but you will have to be identified. I don't know that you are really Mr. —, you see."

"Identified he —! Identify me, Jim —? Why,—you, every — Malamook dog in Dawson knows me, and —"

Just then the big Klondiker heard a stifled cough behind him, and turning, saw a pretty young woman, bank-book in hand, waiting her turn at the window.

The blood rushed to his face and showed crimson through the tan of a half-dozen summers under the broiling sun of the Yukon Valley. He seemed about to speak, but his words stuck in his throat. Then, hastily fumbling in one of his capacious trouser's pockets, he drew forth a dozen shining nuggets and pressed the largest one of the lot, a beautiful specimen, into the hand of the astonished young woman and made a hasty exit from the bank. It was the only apology he could frame in his confusion.

Later he returned and satisfactorily arranged his business with the bank.

The Sparrows' Benefactor.

A pair of English sparrows in the course of their aerial wooing the other day, says the *Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer*, got into trouble quite after the fashion of lovers. It happened this way:

Madam Sparrow and Mr. Sparrow were skimming along on an afternoon jaunt, steering an amicable but erratic flight among the telegraph, telephone and electric-light wires on Second Avenue. Just what induced Madam Sparrow to leave her spouse and make the downward dash at the corner of the avenue and Cherry Street is not known, unless it be laid to the sin of her sex.

Diagonally across from the *Post-Intelligencer* building hangs an electric street lamp, its crystal globe swinging idly under the black hood, close hauled to a telegraph-pole. A graceful downward sweep, and little Madam Sparrow was caged, hopping about on one foot at the bottom of the globe and uttering faint cries for help. Mr. Sparrow, without a moment's hesitation, tacked about and came bravely to her rescue. And there they were,

the two of them. Of course they couldn't get out—or perhaps they were too scared to try, but at any rate, they set up such a flutter of wings and hoarse chirping of dismay that a small boy on the pavement, twenty feet below, looked up and saw their plight.

"Them birds," said the boy aloud, "I'll be kilt if they don't get out o' there afore th' light's turned on. Guess I'll have to get 'em out."

The next minute the boy was climbing up the pole to the rescue, while a curious crowd of pedestrians gathered on both sides of the street to watch. The boy reached a cross-arm on the pole, wrapped one arm around it, leaned far out, thrust his hand into the globe, and in a twinkling two very badly frightened brown sparrows were skimming away for home. The people below clapped their hands, and the boy climbed carefully down, to disappear around the corner, whistling, "I'll Never Go There Any More!"

Stories of Montana's Capital.

"This lemonade booth," said a citizen at the Army and Navy festival, "reminds me of my last trip to Helena. A man gets worked about as hard. When I was over there the last time, I hadn't got off the car before I met an old acquaintance who used to be a well-to-do business man, but of late years has been somewhat on the 'hog.'"

"Come and have a drink," says I.

"I ain't drinkin' now, but seein' it's you, for old times' sake I'll just go you."

"We then go into the first saloon, when my old-time friend looks up with eager surprise and fairly yells:

"Well, if there ain't my old friend, Colonel Jones! Colonel! Ho, colonel! Come up here! I want to introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Sourdough—Mr. Sourdough, Colonel Jones. Why, hello, judge! Where've you been? Judge Smith, this is my friend, Mr. Sourdough, just over from the Gallatin. Judge, introduce your friend. Well, darn my hide if there ain't Major Brown coming in. Howdy, major; let me present my friend, Mr. Sourdough. Mr. Barkeep, ain't that Senator Bock back there playing cards? I thought so. Excuse me, gentlemen; I want Mr. Sourdough to meet the senator."

"When I get done meeting colonels, judges, and those with military titles, a five-dollar bill just crawls under the barn and dies.

"Then there is another sort of individual one

meets over there," continued the story-teller. "He is the man with a title, who grasps you warmly by the hand and steers you into the first saloon and introduces you, with all the effusiveness he can summon, to the barkeeper. He seems to imply that you are about as far up the ladder of fame as a man can get, or else that you have money to throw to the birds. You drink at his expense. With a flourish he says: 'Just remember that, please.' The bartender will doubtless remember it. He will recollect it every time his time-worn patron can steer a visitor into the saloon and feel confident that the barkeeper dare not roast him for working his mild confidence game."—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

An Old-Time Tragedy on Tongue River.

A writer of old-time campaigns in the Rocky Mountain regions tells of a very interesting incident in the life of Lieut.-Col. Henry Carroll, who commanded the first brigade of the cavalry division before Santiago, in which series of fights he was badly wounded. In 1890 he was major in the First U. S. Cavalry, and he was known all through Montana as the man who avenged the death of one white man by killing two Indians.

It appears that Hugh Boyle, a young man from Illinois, was found murdered near Tongue River Agency, Mont. He had been visiting relatives in that section, and was about ready to return to his home in Illinois. Major Carroll called in American Horse, a chief, and the two examined the dead body and the country where the murder was committed. The major said to American Horse:

"I want the men who did this murder. I want you to bring them in."

After a few days American Horse returned to Major Carroll and told him that Young Mule and Head Chief, two Cheyennes, were guilty. Their father was Two Moon, a chief of renown. He was brought to the major's headquarters, and was told to bring in his sons. When he heard the charge against them he made a speech, in which he said that his people had held a council and were prepared to satisfy the law from their standpoint. This proposition was that the agent take thirty ponies in payment for the death of young Boyle. They intended that the ponies should be accepted and sent to the relatives of the murdered boy as a compensation for the death of the young man.

The offer was rejected, and Two Moon was



BIOLOGICAL LIBRARY IN THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT ST. CLOUD, MINN.

given to understand that the white man's law could not be satisfied in that manner. He must bring in his sons. The old chief grunted, and said that he would do this.

He disappeared, but within a half-hour he was seen returning. With him were his sons, Young Mule and Head Chief. They were dressed in war-bonnets, in war-paint, and were fully armed. Their ponies were handsomely decorated. The young bucks rode defiantly toward the cavalry commanded by Major Carroll, and showed fight. The cavalry fired, killing Young Mule's pony. Then he and his brother began firing. They fought stubbornly until they reached a hill near by, where they were surprised to find another detachment of Major Carroll's troops. One of the bucks, Head Chief, wounded several cavalry horses as he rode into the lines. One arm was broken, but with the other hand he fired his rifle from the pommel of his saddle. Another volley was fired at him, and he fell dead from his pony.

Young Mule saw his brother's fate, and realized that he had not much time on his hands. He advanced toward the cavalry chanting the death song of his tribe. He fired several shots, and then jumped into a ravine. There he kept up his fight, still singing.

At this juncture the young buck's mother made an appeal to the troops to save him from impending doom. It was impossible to grant her request, as the warrior continued firing at his enemies, plainly showing that he had determined to die as his brother had died.

The mother, realizing that all hope had vanished, staggered to the open plain, and in accordance with the custom of the Indians when they lose a relative or dear friend, slashed her limbs with a knife from the knees down. With the blood streaming from the wounds and trickling to the ground, she chanted the death-dirge of her son, who was presently shot dead.

In honor of the bravery of Head Chief and Young Mule, their people marked with stones the death-trail traveled by the young warriors that pleasant September day in Montana.

Why Doesn't He Write?

In Central Washington, says a writer in *The Dilettante* of Spokane, in that State, there exist vast steppes, scantily clad with grass that grows in tufts or bunches after the manner of steppe vegetation the world over. It is for the most part waterless, though in exceptional seasons rain falls in sufficient quantities to stimulate the poor arid fields of the occasional settler and insure a niggard harvest. True the soil is usually of exceeding fertility, and when water for irrigation can be obtained, the yield of fruit and grain is prodigious. But until quite recently this vast interior desert region was wholly given up to the coyote, that "Wraith of Hunger," that Voice of the Desert.

It is a strange, silent, solemn land, fantastic in conformation in parts, but always the picture of desolation. Queer table-topped ranges of low hills of black volcanic rock as hard as steel confront the traveler like a continuous fortification, and he looks through the embrasures, half expecting to see the throats of cannon. Deep "coulees," dry and desolate defiles, areas of melancholy "scab lands," isolated shoulders and pinnacles of basalt rising from the dun-colored sod, the typical desert sage-brush and grease wood—these features are characteristic of an area in Central Washington larger than the State of New York.

The writer, years ago, traversed a goodly portion of this miniature Sahara in the height of summer. Every evening, following the setting of the sun, a great, hollow, whistling gale blew in from the far-away Pacific. We could

see, a long way off upon the steppes, the billow of dust that presaged its approach. And it swooped down upon our tent with a shrill whistling most grievous to hear, and the tall plumes of the bunch-grass would swish and sigh. But the evening wind was of short duration, and when it fell away there came a silence that could be felt.

The writer was one day riding in a quarter of the desert most remote from any human habitation. As I journeyed through a shallow pass among the ashen hills, my Indian pony shied violently and very nearly unhorsed me, who at best am but an indifferent rider. The cause of the animal's alarm was such as gave his master also a sudden sense of horror. It was a bleaching skeleton, the last poor remnant of a being who erstwhile, no doubt, had ridden across the steppes with soaring hopes.

There was no relic to identify the remains, which plainly had lain in that waste and solitary place for many years. But at a little distance was a little fragment of a letter, evidently blown thither by the winds, and in the interior of the folded missive a few words were still legible. It was a letter full of a grievous lamentation because the recipient did not write. But no name, no place, no date. Perhaps it was the last communication the unknown had received, and here in the solemn desert he had lain silent these many years; and still the writer of that letter wonders "why he doesn't write."

There was a pathos in this episode in the trackless desert so poignant and so mournful that it affected the solitary spectator as though the poor mementos were the bones of a cherished friend, rather than some unknown and perhaps ignoble wanderer.

I had fallen into a melancholy reverie, when behold, the sun had vanished and there was a "sound of a going" in the uttermost desert. It was the evening gale.

It was near midnight when I reached the camp, and with odd sensations I took note of the bizarre, castellated basalt cliffs of that region, vaguely indicated in the light of the desert moon. Oddly like a group of Old World ruins they seemed, and that waste and voiceless place became faintly reminiscent of Cicero and Caesar.

But the dead man in the desert-pass haunted my fancy for many a day. The authorities,

who were duly notified, could advance no theory leading to the identification of the unfortunate's remains, and they buried his bones upon the spot.

I had occasion not long ago to visit Seattle—that thriving port and metropolis of the commonwealth of Washington. A visitor approaching that city for the first time by water, if he is anything of an "impressionist," must be edified by the spectacle; by the proud array of shipping in the harbor; the miles of heights embellished with homes; the richly equipped and populous lairs of business. The spirit of enterprise and true American activity is rife in this mart—this storm-center, as it were, of commerce.

There are sundry street-railways scaling the heights, the cars having a way of plunging down the steep declivities with a disquieting suddenness and rapidity. I boarded one of these headlong chariots and was swept skyward as though one of those golden chariots of the African ditty had swung low to carry me home. It was in the edge of the evening, and the glorified light of the sunset imparted an unworldly beauty to mansion, lawn and grove. We swept past a long array of opulent homes, when right amongst them I espied an old cottage, weather-beaten and dismantled, and from the door there peeped a pathetic old countenance—an aged woman, so poor and gray that I cannot even think upon her sad estate without a wounding pity. The contrast was so sharp—the ancient cottage among these snug homes, and the forlorn old woman in a city made up chiefly of the young and vigorous—that I was impressed, and with a sleuth-like curiosity worthy of Sherlock Holmes I set on foot inquiries as to the old lady's history. The cottage, I ascertained, was her sole earthly possession, and even that blessing she shared with a mortgage company. She dwelt quite alone, poorly sustaining herself by needlework and other humble labors. Sorrow weighed heavily upon her, for her only son had years ago disappeared from the face of the earth while gone upon a journey across the steppes in the eastern portion of the State. Hope still flickered faintly in her mind, but it grew daily less and less as the years fled away into the past.

I recalled my adventure in the desert-pass, but deemed it kindness to maintain silence respecting that melancholy episode.



OUTDOOR PHYSICAL CULTURE AT THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL IN ST. CLOUD, MINN.



Rich in Timber Resources.

What is said to be the largest body of timber that has not as yet been touched by the ax of the woodman occupies a large tract in Latah and Shoshone counties in Idaho, about 100 miles southwest of Spokane, Wash. It is estimated to contain about 2,000,000,000 feet of the finest white pine, and in the neighborhood of 5,000,000,000 feet of other timber, including yellow pine, tamarack, red and white fir, and cedar.

Minnesota Butter at Omaha.

In the butter contest at the Omaha Exposition last August, in which all the butter-making States were represented, Minnesota carried off all the honors. Out of thirty exhibits from the State, one received a marking of 100, none scored less than 92, and fourteen received a marking of 95 or better. To obtain such results in hot weather shows that the butter must have been of a remarkably even quality.

How the Wheat is Harvested.

A total of sixty-seven binders were sold in Mapleton during the season just past. Thirty-one of these machines were six-foot cut, the remainder were seven foot. All working together in one field, they could cut a swath 438 feet wide and would cover one acre in going 100 feet. In one day they could cut in the neighborhood of 1,340 acres of grain, worth, at seventy cents per bushel, close to \$18,760, or more than enough to pay for the binders twice over.—*Mapleton (Minn.) Enterprise*.

Free Rural Mail Delivery.

According to the Fargo (N. D.) *Argus*, the system of free rural mail delivery will be extended to six post-offices in that State. The localities already selected, Mayville and St. Thomas, could not be improved upon, and at other points the experiment will be given a fair trial. The system is believed to be feasible in well-settled localities, and has been recommended by successive heads of the post-office department. Postmaster General Wanamaker especially urged the adoption of this convenience for rural post-office patrons.

Diversification of Crops.

The Dakota *Farmer* notes that the farmers of Cass County, N. D., are making rapid strides toward diversification, as is shown by the increased acreage of corn and flax there. The acreage of corn in the county six years ago did not exceed 1,000 acres, while now there are over 15,000 acres planted to this increasingly popular Dakota product. The flax acreage last year was about 12,000 acres, while this year it is nearly 40,000 acres, owing doubtless to the establishment of a linseed-oil mill at Fargo last fall. These innovations mark a new era in North Dakota farming.

Oregon's Crawfish.

The crawfish industry has become so important in Portland, Ore., that the fish commissioner will ask the next Legislature to enact laws,

for the protection of crawfish, similar to those which now prescribe certain seasons for salmon and trout fishing, says the *Portland Oregonian*.

In order to bring the matter properly before the Legislature, the commissioner is now collecting statistics showing the extent of the local trade and the amount shipped out of the city each summer. He will also present to the Legislature a bill for the protection of clams, which will be based upon the laws of Coast States prohibiting the indiscriminate destruction of shell-fish.

Clams, he says, are rapidly disappearing from the beaches of Washington. They are still plentiful in this State, but summer visitors at the Coast play havoc with them.

Cheap Lands for Tenant Farmers.

Arrivals of a number of tenant farmers from Iowa, Missouri, and other States to take land in this and adjoining counties, has been noted in the *Alert*. These new settlers are mostly native Americans, good farmers and most desirable acquisitions to the State and to any community.

The inducements which lead them to pull up and leave the homes, farms and associations of a lifetime are, primarily, that as renters or tenants they have been unable to make their work pay; and, secondly, that North Dakota farm-land is now extremely cheap and is about the last available agricultural land which lies near to the markets in the United States.

In extent and quality the North Dakota acres not now cultivated or occupied are not to be duplicated anywhere in the country, and it is no wonder that the tide of immigration is now directed toward the James River Valley, where the best land yet remaining for mixed farming is to be had at the lowest prices.— *Jamestown (N. D.) Alert*.

A Full Tide of Business.

Railroad officials and solicitors say that general business these days reminds them of the good old days of '90 and '91, when everything was humming. Merchandise movement is immense, by far the greatest seen in years. Jobbers in the Twin Cities are working day and night, and even then cannot fill their orders as promptly as they would like. Shipments from the East and from St. Paul locally are reaching the highest figures on record, and show no sign of decreasing.

There are many causes for this condition of things, but the principal cause is general prosperity. Confidence has been restored, business has revived, crops are large, prospects are bright, and the Government is solid. The reaction from the depression and stagnation was inevitable, and business today would probably have been as brisk and substantial had there been no war.

The Year's Wool Clip in Montana.

The Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune*, a good authority on all matters relating to sheep and wool, thus puts down the wool clip in Montana for the current year, and its market price:

"While estimates of the wool clip vary from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 pounds as the total clip of Montana this year, a conservative estimate puts the product at 22,500,000 pounds. The greater part of this wool has gone East, either having been sold direct or on consignment. There are still two or three million pounds in the State, representing the clips of big companies who can afford to hold, and who are of the opinion that 20 cents is about the figure they will get if they wait a little longer.

"The top price of the year, so far as reported, was 18 cents, and at that figure a number of sales were made. The price during the season ran from that figure down to 14 cents, which

was the lowest for average clips. Taking the season through, it may be said that the average for the clip of the State has been 15½ cents a pound, which was better than the growers expected to receive when the season opened, and higher than a great majority had placed their figures.

"For a fact, Montana growers as a rule put their price at 15 cents. Early in the season some sold at 14 cents. But that price did not rule long, and it soon went up to 15 cents. Then it went to 16 cents, then to 16½, and later to 17 cents. Many of the growers claim that even at the latter figure the buyers in Montana did not pay the Eastern price, and contend that there was a combination among the representatives of Eastern houses by which they were forced to sell for a cent or two under the Eastern market.

"However that may be, it is a fact that the Montana wool-grower this year received more for his wool than did the growers in any of the other Northwestern States. In Colorado and Utah, where the season is in advance of that of Montana, the buyers got the wool for from 10 to 12 cents, while in Wyoming the latter was the ruling figure."

Peace and Plenty.

There are evidences on every hand that the present fall and winter season will be among the most prosperous ever enjoyed by the people of the Pacific Northwest. The garnering of a crop which, taken as a whole, has never been equaled, will soon be completed, and from present indications the harvest will be secured in good condition, so that abundance will be accompanied by a quality of very high average, states the Tacoma (Wash.) *West Coast Trade*. It is estimated that the wheat crop of the three States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho will reach 40,000,000 bushels, half of which will be produced in the State of Washington, and \$10,000,000 is a low estimate of the amount of revenue derived for the State from that source alone.

Unless something unexpected occurs, the returns from the wheat crop will be smaller than last year, but, unlike previous seasons, farmers are largely out of debt, having already a surplus and paying cash for their purchases, so that the present year's crop will go into improvements and local trade channels instead of to mortgage and loan companies, as in the past. Other grains are likewise a good crop, and will afford an export surplus in barley, oats, and flax, while hay and potatoes will be in advance of home consumption.

The fruit yield is abundant. The prune crop is the largest ever known, and opening prices to growers is one cent a pound for the dried product above that of last year. Walla Walla, Yakima, and the Snake River districts continue to ship immense quantities of green fruits out of the State, while the valleys of Western Washington have sent out more than the usual amount of berries and small fruits. Dryers and canneries have been constructed, and measures have been taken to realize full returns from the industry.

The hop crop is above 30,000 bales of a choice product, possibly reaching 35,000 bales. Dairy products have increased in value immensely during the year, and the Washington dairy farmer has not been behind the wheat-grower in adding to his store. The butter output, last year estimated at about 2,225,000 pounds, has perhaps not increased in volume materially, but the returns have been ten to twenty-five per cent larger, and the dairy industry has been worth considerably over half a million dollars to the State.

The lumber cut of Washington, including

shingles, will crowd the \$10,000,000 point very closely the present year. It is probable that 600,000,000 feet is within the total of the product sawed, and present shipments of shingles steadily exceed those of last year, when a grand total of approximately 3,000,000,000 shingles were cut by the mills of Washington.

Other lines of industry have made steady progress. The flour-mills especially have broadened their markets, enlarged their capacities and are pushing the manufactured products of Washington grain into the various importing countries of the world; while there is no apparent limit to their field, with the employment of enterprise in seeking after trade across the waters of the Pacific.

A new era of commercial progress has opened up during the year. Oriental markets are steadily expanding. Hawaii has become American soil, and offers opportunities for trade

Entering the Nez Perce Reservation, the new road crosses the Clearwater at Lapwai, the old Indian agency. The contractors are still busy about the piers and the bridge itself. At Spaulding, just below Lapwai, side-tracks are being laid, and warehouses are being built. Some of the wheat that has already been hauled into the new town is in great piles upon platforms, two thousand sacks of wheat being received daily.

Within a few miles of Lewiston the orchards began to appear. The track passes by and through one after another of these, trees being loaded with tempting fruit.

Lewiston was named after Captain Lewis, who, in 1805, guided by an Indian maiden, left his associates of the Lewis and Clarke expedition, crossed the Bitter Root Mountains, journeyed down the Clearwater and camped near its junction with the Snake, being the first

paper to a Minnesota bank. And for the last year we have been able to borrow money cheaper in Minnesota than in New York or Boston—the rates of interest are lower in Minnesota. This is a condition I never expected to live to see. Farmers don't have to sell their wheat to get money for running expenses. They have plenty of money, and cannot be forced to sell. There are hardly any mortgages left in Minnesota now. Minnesota and Wisconsin are probably the two States that lead, so far as general prosperity among farmers is concerned."

Commenting on this the Minneapolis *Commercial Bulletin* says: "In the last ten years hundreds of farmers in the Northwest States have emancipated themselves from debt. With clear farms they have money in bank, and in sections they are loaning to neighbors, accepting as security mortgages on property at their doors. This is a permanent change. It is the



A COMBINED HARVESTER AND THRESHER IN OPERATION IN THE FAMOUS HORSE HEAVEN COUNTRY, WASH.

"Horse Heaven" is the name given to a large strip of country in the southeastern part of Yakima County, lying between the Columbia and the Yakima rivers. It is a well-watered plateau, has excellent forage grasses, and is becoming more and more famed for the richness of its soil and its great annual crop yields.

which are being taken advantage of; the Philippines will open to the Washington manufacturer and producer, and Alaska has become a large consumer of our products. On all sides the same promises of prosperity and business activity are apparent, and the permanency of these conditions is equally promising.

Railway Enterprise in Idaho.

To reach Lewiston, Idaho, by rail, the Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review* says, the Northern Pacific has to make a vertical descent of 2,000 feet from the level of its grade in the Palouse Country. Some of this descent is made before reaching Juliaetta, at which point the present extension of the road begins, and it was from this point, also, that the members of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce excursion party began to take special interest along the valleys of the Potlatch and Clearwater.

white man to penetrate the region. Lewiston is located on the site of his camp.

The great canyon wall along the north bank of the Clearwater, and of the Snake below the junction of the rivers, extends for hundreds of miles east and west and averages about 2,000 feet in height, a drop from the broad plateau of the Palouse Country to the low bottom-lands. Under the protection of this mighty wall are situated the fruit-lands which have given fame to the Lewiston Valley, and the growing season is asserted to be as long as that at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Pillsbury's Object Lesson.

Charles A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, was in New York a few days ago, and to a newspaper reporter said:

"There are very few farmers in Minnesota who have not money to loan. I saw this morning a note broker who had just sold New York

result of the unfolding of the great resources of the West. Wherever these resources have been touched by thrifty hands, prosperity has followed to those who are thrifty.

"This is not a condition to boast of in the sense that the West will be better off when it has no business relations with the East, because that condition is not to be desired. It is important for what it shows—a growing independence among Western farmers, with increasing ability to care for themselves in an enlarged sense.

"The prairie shack is almost a thing of the past in the Great Northwest. The cottage and the large farmhouse have come to stay. Prosperity has moved in, and Mr. Pillsbury has not overstated the situation in his New York interview. Money is plenty in Minnesota at six per cent. It can be borrowed at home for that rate. Wheat loans can be placed at less money."

AGRICULTURAL WEALTH IN CENTRAL MINNESOTA.

That portion of Eastern-Central Minnesota represented by Aitkin County, together with the more northerly county of Itasca, has achieved a prominence of late which is destined to commend it to the very serious consideration of farmers and stock-growers everywhere. The fact that the Aitkin County exhibit secured the first prize among all the county exhibits at the recent Minnesota State Fair, has served to stimulate public curiosity respecting the resources of that new section and to cause many inquiries to be made in regard to land there, opportunities for settlement, etc.

Elsewhere in this number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE will be found a half-page illustration of the Aitkin County exhibit, with a brief description of the grains, fruits, vegetables, and other resources for which the county is becoming famed. In the present article, however, greater pains will be taken to place before readers a knowledge of the soil of that region, and fuller details will be given relative to lands that are open to settlement, the fertility thereof, and the terms upon which such property can be obtained.

In the first place, Aitkin County is so large that its present population of ten thousand leaves ample room for thousands of other prosperous farmers and for many other thriving communities. It is not a pent up Utica; it is a magnificent area of natural park lands and forests, watered by numerous lakes and streams, and every bit of it is within easy reach of excellent primary markets and the larger outlets afforded by Duluth and Superior and Minneapolis and St. Paul. All this grand territory is reached direct by the Northern Pacific Railway, the pioneer of Northwestern settlement. The Northern Pacific Company, as a matter of fact, owns several hundred thousand acres of the best lands in Aitkin and Itasca counties, and it may be of advantage to our readers to know just how these valuable railway lands can be secured.

If you mean to become an actual settler, you can buy all the land you want on ten years time and at \$2 to \$5 an acre. One tenth of the purchase price is paid in cash, the remainder being paid in ten equal annual installments, at six per cent interest. Eighty acres, for instance, say at \$3 per acre, would be worth \$240. Of this \$24 would be paid down in cash, which would leave \$216 to be divided into ten equal payments. At the end of the first year there would be \$21.60 to pay, plus \$13 interest money, or \$34.60 in all. Each annual payment is deducted from the principal, of course, and the interest grows smaller and smaller each year; so that on the final payments there is little to pay except the regular installment—the last interest account amounting to only \$1.30. The entire eighty-acre tract would cost but \$311.50! And it may as well be added, right here, that the Northern Pacific Railway Company will give land-seekers transportation from St. Paul to Aitkin and return for \$5 (which is half the regular fare), and also offers reduced rates to all buyers who may have stock and other property to move. Maps and full information will be furnished anyone on application to Mr.

F. W. Wilsey, the company's Eastern land agent, at St. Paul, or to B. M. Hungerford, the company's local land agent at Aitkin. Mr. Hungerford is thoroughly familiar with the company's lands in his territory, and will take pleasure in showing them to all would-be purchasers.

Previous to buying, however, the intending settler would wish to know something about the soil of the country. According to Prof. W. M. Hays, of the Minnesota State Experimental Farm, the lands of Aitkin and Itasca counties consist of four kinds—clay, loams, sandy, and peaty lands. The alluvial clays along the rivers are very rich in available plant food, and have wonderful wearing abilities. These lands produce very heavy crops of grains, grasses and other forage crops, and vegetables. They will carry crops of grains through a long series of years, and they do not need the manure demanded by lighter soils. The mixed clay soils form a considerable part of the lands and are among the first which the home-seeker should select. They are composed of a mixture of nearly equal parts of clay and sand, and have a goodly addition of decaying plant matter. They will absorb much water, and are open enough to let any excess drain out, yet they will, by capillary power, hold a large supply to be used by plants in times of drought. They quickly drain and become dry enough to till after a shower, yet they are rarely if ever too dry for crops. According to Professor Hays, these constitute the golden mean in soils—a mixture of the extremes of sand and clay. Sandy loams constitute the second class of soils. They are largely composed of sand in which there is some clay or a goodly proportion of humus or decaying plant substances, which take the place of clay in binding the soil together and in giving to it richness and water-conserving power. These soils are warm early in season, easy to work, quick in giving up their fertility to plants, and adapted to a wide range of crops. Sandy loams with subsoils of clay have many most desirable features. The clay subsoil pre-

vents the leeching out of the soluble fertility, and furnishes an excellent storage reservoir. Sandy soils have in them little of clay or humus. With clay subsoil, or with water within a dozen feet of the surface, they may become sandy loams by the development within them of enough humus to make them rich in fertility and fairly retentive of water. Peaty soils, if well rotted, are very fertile. In some cases sand, clay, and other material washed in from adjoining higher lands, give to peaty soils a better character, and for celery and other vegetables it cannot be excelled. All peaty soils rapidly decompose if they are drained to a depth of a few feet, and soon become in so mellow a condition that they will produce wonderful crops of forage, vegetables, corn, and other grains.

Scores of testimonials might be published in support of the statement that Aitkin County is rich in all that goes to make a prosperous agricultural and stock country. It is a paradise for cattle, hogs, and sheep. The great variety of juicy grasses, the pure water, the dry air, the wholesome climate, and the adaptability of the soil and seasons to all kinds of crop products for feed as well as for shipment, render it an ideal section for stockmen and farmers generally. Those diseases which kill off so much live stock in other parts of the country are unknown in this land of spring-fed lakes and brooks. There is abundance of timber for shelter against cold and heat, as well as for fuel and building purposes; and the big lumber-mills of the county, with their everpressing need of logs, afford constant and profitable occupation for farmholders during the winter period.

No part of agriculture need be neglected in Aitkin County. You can raise enormous crops of cereals; you can grow fruits and vegetables, and you can utilize the unequaled grasses to fatten stock or to make the yellowest and richest butter and cheese which ever pleased human palate or brought top prices in the open market.

Nor is the county lacking in other desirable features. New-comers would not be moving into a wilderness. One's neighbors would be largely emigrants from the older States, with many sturdy and industrious people from across the ocean. In Aitkin and Grand Rapids, the respective county seats of Aitkin and Itasca counties, are schools and churches, as well as homes and business houses, that would be a credit to any place in the land. They are thriving, prosperous young towns. Aitkin has a population of about 1,800. Its public buildings, hotels, electric-light plant, water-works system and other modern conveniences gener-



WAITING FOR THE NORTHERN PACIFIC TRAIN AT AITKIN, MINN.



AITKIN COUNTY'S PREMIUM EXHIBIT AT THE RECENT MINNESOTA STATE FAIR.

ally, are among the best in the State. There are other large settlements, of course, and good district schools are everywhere available. In a few years there will be a largely increased population in the county—farm values increasing at a corresponding rate. This land of lakes and native woodland is very attractive to all sorts of people, and they can't keep away. It abounds in game of every description, from the big black bass to the huge muscullonge, and from ducks, geese, grouse, prairie-chicken, and partridge, to deer, moose, bear, and other large animals. Lovers of good sport flock thither every month of the year, and it is many a good penny that they leave among the farmers and other country folk.

But no one can tell the story of so large a territory in so little space. It is shown that Aitkin County has just claim to the attention of home-seekers—claims that are based on as rich and as cheap lands as the sun shines upon. It has water, timber, grasses, nearness to great markets, the advantages afforded by a great and very liberal and progressive railway corporation, interested in doing all it can to develop the county's resources, and in a few years it will run a neck to neck race with the most populous counties in Minnesota. It is one of those exceptional regions where virgin soil and stainless nature lie in close proximity to the broadest and highest civilization. Though near large towns and important cities, it is still where one can find delight in forests and lakes almost fresh from the hand of the Creator.

AITKIN COUNTY AT THE RECENT MINNESOTA STATE FAIR.

Among the many surprises which awaited a large number of the older counties in Minnesota at the recent State Fair, was the self-evident fact that Aitkin, one of the youngest counties in the commonwealth, outranked them all in every department of agriculture. Notwithstanding the fact that the scoring was made by a thoroughly competent and very exacting committee, the result showed that Aitkin County's exhibit was entitled to 1,250 points as against 1,228 by the next best exhibit. In other words, the best county exhibit made at the Minnesota State Fair in 1898 was made by Aitkin County, and this first prize will be held by it until some other county can wrest it away.

Aitkin is the fourth county directly north of St. Paul. It is about ninety miles from Duluth and 150 miles from the capital city and Minneapolis. In area it is thirty-six miles wide and sixty miles long, the population approximating ten thousand. It is claimed that the productiveness of the soil in this county is simply phenomenal; certain it is that the display made at the fair was of a most remarkable character—so remarkable that Mr. B. M. Hungerford, who was in charge of it, was literally deluged with questions from a multitude of men whose attention and interest were attracted and who wished to learn all they could about the county's resources.

What does Aitkin County produce? The answer covers so great a variety of products

that it is difficult to give. Wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, corn, and all the small grains yield prodigiously. Sweet potatoes and the common varieties can be grown for the world. Celery, beets, turnips, cabbage, and all vegetables common to the West and Northwest, grow to perfection and in enormous quantities. Sugarcane does well there, also. If this is not enough, let it be known that Aitkin County is the coming fruit region of this entire section of country. Apples, plums, pears, grapes, and all kinds of berries, all of the most delicious flavor, thrive there unfailingly and are becoming more and more of a resource every year. Cranberries grow there in great quantities, and edible wild rice is found in abundance.

Is the growing season sufficiently long to permit of these products maturing before killing frosts come? Yes. That old idea among Minnesota farmers was exploded years ago. It is now well known that the farther north one goes the more sunshine one is blessed with to forward growths and to ripen crops. Soil, sunshine, and equable climate do everything. Where they abound, farmers prosper; where they are lacking, farmers vegetate. Such a thing as crop failure never was known in Aitkin County. General conditions are against such a thing.

"Yes," some one may remark who believes in a still greater diversification of resources—"Yes, but how about livestock and dairy interests—will they do well there?"

This query is so manifestly important that

every farmer or intending settler should insist upon having a full and explicit answer. It is with pleasure that such an answer is given here. Aitkin County's State Fair exhibit was remarkable for several reasons, one of which was the wealth of grasses and forage plants displayed. There were twenty varieties. Magnificent samples of timothy were shown from a field from which two crops had been cut, and also a sample of timothy the seed of which had been sown in the middle of April, 1898, the hay having been cut in August. This new timothy yielded two and one-half tons per acre—a fact which J. J. McDonald, chairman of the Board of Aitkin County Commissioners, will vouch for. Three growths of red clover from the same fields in one season is not at all unusual. All kinds of grasses grow there luxuriantly. It is a stock country par excellence. In this one county are over 200 beautiful lakes, not to mention numerous rivers and creeks, and there is no trouble to get inexhaustible supplies of pure well-water. With rich grasses, healthful water and sheltering timber, of which there are vast tracts in the county, what more is needed to constitute Aitkin County an ideal live-stock and dairy section?

These are but answers, however; now for the proofs. Joseph Elmhurst, whose post-office address is Aitkin, Aitkin County, Minn., says:

"I came from Hunnewell, Shelby County, Mo., last spring. Was induced to come here by Mr. B. M. Hungerford, whom I had never known or heard of, and I am simply delighted with the country and prospects. I am an Englishman, and have seen much of the world, but have never seen such wonderfully productive soil as here in Aitkin County."

Peter Anderson, whose address is the same, says:

"I threshed this year from one and one-half acres, sixty-two bushels of wheat. My other crops are equally as good. Have not had a failure since I came here fourteen years ago."

Capt. N. C. Honnold, Attica post-office, Aitkin County, testifies as follows:

"I have lived in Aitkin County five years. I have raised corn each year, and it has always matured and has averaged forty bushels to the acre. I have lived in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Nebraska, but have never seen such productive soil. It is the coming fruit country of the Northwest."

Here is what S. H. Hodegen says. His post-office is Aitkin:

"I have thirty-eight acres of corn this year that yields forty bushels shelled corn to the acre. I have seventy acres of oats that threshed sixty-eight bushel to the acre. I cut 115 tons of timothy from forty acres. I have lived here for twenty-seven years, and have never known a failure in crops, excepting on lands that have been overflowed."

County Commissioner E. A. Hanson says:

"I have lived in Aitkin County eighteen years. I cut four tons of fine hay per acre from my natural meadow this season. I have threshed forty bushels of wheat to the acre. I do not believe Aitkin County soil is surpassed in the United States for productiveness."

Ole Sjodeue, Attica post-office, says:

"I have lived in Aitkin County thirteen years and have never had a failure in crops. I keep twenty-five head of cattle, six horses, twenty sheep, and twenty hogs, and have never lost any by disease. I do not believe there is such a stock country in the United States."

C. G. Welton, who has lived in Aitkin County eighteen years, and whose word is as good as gold, says that he has just threshed 169½ bushels of wheat from three acres, and 400 bushels of oats from four acres, the latter weighing forty-four pounds to the bushel, which makes the

actual yield 135 bushels per acre—a world-beating record.

These voluntary testimonials might be multiplied indefinitely, were it at all necessary. It is clearly shown that Aitkin County's strong claims are substantiated by facts. It remains for us to say, however, that there is still room in this great county for thousands of other progressive farmers, dairymen and stock growers, and that there never was a better time than now to make land purchases there. Unimproved lands two and a half miles from town can be bought for two to five dollars per acre, and on the ten-year plan; while improved farms range from \$5 to \$10 per acre. The markets are first-class, and the entire county, as we have stated elsewhere, is penetrated by the Northern Pacific Railway. If any reader is interested in obtaining fuller and more complete information respecting the outlook in Aitkin County, it is suggested that he write direct to Mr. B. M. Hungerford, of Aitkin. Aitkin is the county seat, and Mr. Hungerford is a public-spirited gentleman who will reply promptly and gladly to all earnest inquiries.

A WHITE BEAVER STORY.

"I believe I am the only white person that ever trapped or killed an adult albino beaver," said Thomas Gilroy, an ex-ranchman of Montana. "Albino beavers are the rarest of animals, and the only specimens I ever saw, besides the one I trapped, were two cubs captured by an Indian on Wind River more than thirty years ago. There were four young beavers in the nest the Indian secured, and two of them were black. The mother of the litter was captured with them, and she was black."

"There is another very rare beaver in the Northwest region. This is the golden beaver, and bears the choicest of all fur. The golden beaver is almost as rare as the white beaver, the albino being merely a freak of nature, while the golden beaver is a species. This beaver was not known in the country until about 1880, when the first specimen was discovered in the Mink River region. Up to that time Siberia was supposed to be the animal's only habitat."

"I wasn't in the trapping business when I caught the albino beaver, or perhaps I wouldn't have had the chance to bag him and the thirty-four others I got with him. I had heard a good many wonderful stories about how beavers chopped down trees, and being anxious to see how far from the truth some of these stories were, I found where beavers were at work in a piece of cedar woods, through which a branch of the Wind River flowed."

"I chose a bright moonlight night to watch the beavers at their tree-chopping. I hid myself before nightfall near the spot. Soon after nightfall a beaver came out of the water, went straight to a good-sized cedar tree, and began working at it with its teeth without a moment's delay. While he was at work another beaver appeared from the river, and as he drew himself out of the water to the bank, where the moon shone full upon him, I saw that he was as white as snow. The white beaver selected a tree and went vigorously to work felling it. I don't believe a woodchopper with his ax could have felled those trees any quicker than those beavers did with their chisel-like teeth."

"Long before I had come into personal contact with the beaver, I had read in the books that beavers built dams for the purpose of making a swimming and fishing-pond. After I began taking an interest in beavers, I found that the book explanation was as ridiculous as

it was lacking in fact. I found that the beaver does not eat fish or flesh of any kind, but subsists entirely on tender roots and barks, which are plentiful during the summer, but cease to provide nutritious or hunger-allaying qualities when the cold season is at hand. So the beaver builds dams to provide against the pinch of hunger during the winter."

"The instinct of the beaver teaches him that these substances submerged in water will keep green, fresh and nutritious all winter long; so he selects a spot where this food grows abundant near the shores, and dams the stream so that the water will be flooded back over the young willows and aspens and cottonwoods and be held there. Thus the bark on them is kept soft, juicy and tender, and the beaver has his store of nutritious food to draw upon all winter long. If there is no growth of such woods convenient for overflowing, the beaver cuts down willows, cottonwoods or aspens, sinks them to the bottom, ties them there below the freezing depth, and they keep as fresh and tender as if they were growing on the banks, quickened by the spring sunshine and rains."

"As to the colony of beavers that first attracted my attention, I watched it at its dam building, in the course of which the beavers chopped down a good many cedar trees. That was all very interesting and instructive, but it wasn't profitable to the owner of the timber, whose agent I was; and, as my chief duty was the quest of timber thieves, I concluded that here were some well worth looking after, and I resolved to break up that colony without delay. By inquiry among the trappers I learned something about how they went to work to trap beavers, and I set five traps in that colony's pond. I caught a beaver in every trap seven consecutive nights, and the last beaver I caught was the big white one. I sold the albino to an English tourist for \$40 in gold."

"The share I took in the work of depopulating the Northwest of the beaver after that was considerable, but when I got into the cattle business I was sorry, and would gladly have given back every dollar I received for their pelts—and it would have made a big sum—if I could have put the beavers back again; for I found that, although the beaver wasn't worth as much as a fat steer in money, there wasn't a cattleman in Montana that wouldn't give up the best steer in his herd to save the life of a beaver any day in the year, just because the beavers were dam builders."

"That wonderful instinct of the beaver didn't interest the ranchmen a little bit, nor had they any sentiment in their anxiety to protect the beaver. But water was a constant necessity on the cattle-trains, in the dry climate of Montana especially, where the streams and water-holes are few and far between."

"There were more beavers in Montana—and there are yet, perhaps—than anywhere else in the United States. By building their dams, wherever they might, they caused the water supply to be hoarded as it could be in no other way. That just suited the cattlemen, and to this day, while any other game or fur-bearing animal may be exterminated without a dissenting voice from them, the beaver is assured of the friendship and protection of the ranchmen."

HUGE MANITOBA WHEAT-FIELDS.—The Cypress River (Man.) *Western Prairie* says that the enormous wheat-fields of that country stand in the way of closer settlement. "In the Cypress River District many farmers find 300 acres of land insufficient, and are adding to their territory. Mr. Cannon's wheat-field is nearest the town, and contains 500 acres." Such a field of wheat would fill the heart of an Eastern farmer with wonder.



Thirty-six years have passed since the great Sioux Massacre of 1862, and the people of Minnesota had come to believe that the Indian question, so far as this State is concerned, was altogether a matter of history. The savages were so thoroughly subdued in that war by the troops of the State and of the United States, that they have never since showed any disposition to become aggressive. The news that a little band of Chippewas, inhabiting the shores of Leech Lake in the northern part of Minnesota, had actually resisted the service of a warrant for the arrest of one of their number and had attacked a body of troops sent to reinforce the posse of the marshal, was as great a surprise as a stroke of lightning from a clear sky. An Indian battle has in fact taken place within the borders of this populous and highly civilized State, and a gallant officer and a number of brave men have been slaughtered by the bullets of the treacherous savages. This is a very startling fact to put beside the building of railroads, the growth of cities, the development of colleges and universities, and the wonderful progress of agriculture. What it signifies is that the Indian always remains an Indian and is in essence a wild man just as much today as he was when the first settlers came to Minnesota. Civilization can not be applied from the outside to the savage, by the Government or by the churches. It must be a matter of slow evolution, and it will probably take a great deal of time for its full accomplishment.

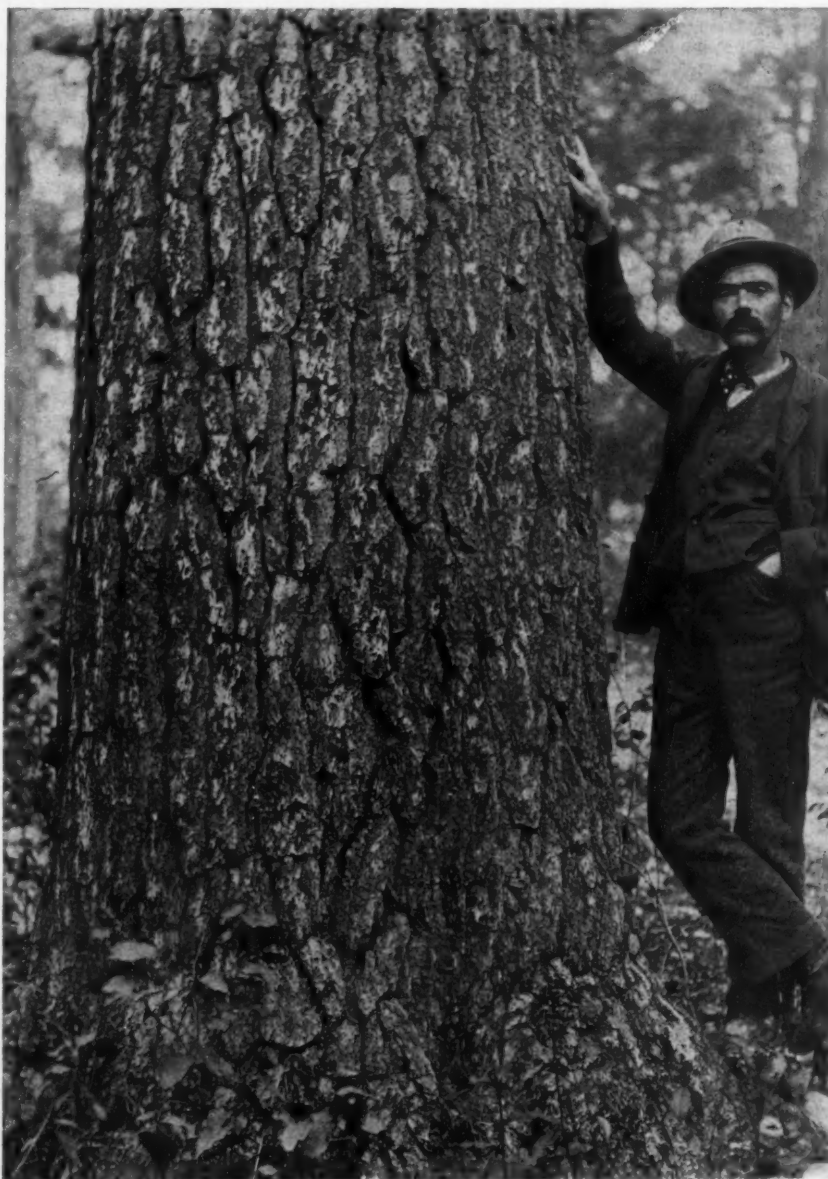
The Pillagers are a small band of the once powerful Chippewa tribe, formerly known as the Ojibway tribe, which used to occupy the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and all the country which feeds the headwaters of the Mississippi. The Ojibways were once a great nation, and carried on, for generations, wars with the Iroquois on the east and the Sioux on the west. They were originally woods Indians, living along the banks of streams and around the shores of lakes, and subsisting largely on fish. The Sioux inhabited the great bare plains, west of the forest district of Minnesota. They had horses, and lived by the chase of the buffalo. When St. Paul was first settled, the Mississippi River was the boundary line between these two tribes. The Pillagers are a small band or sub-tribe, and were located by the Government many years ago upon the shores of Leech Lake, which is the third largest lake lying within the borders of Minnesota. Like all the other Chippewas, they have had friendly relations with the whites, and have never been supposed to be an element of danger. They have not, however, been brought enough in contact with civilized life to take the savage instincts out of them; and when one of their young braves was accused of crime, and a warrant was issued for his arrest, they determined to protect him. There was no fort in their vicinity, and they had no opportunity to become acquainted with the visible power of the United States. They easily drove off the marshal and his posse, and when troops were landed upon an island in the lake where they were posted, they formed an ambush, in genuine Indian fashion, and opened fire upon them.

There is a little town upon Leech Lake, named Walker, which is connected with Brainerd by a new railroad; so that the Pillagers are no longer hidden in our great Northern wilderness, and out of touch with civilized life. Order will of course be speedily restored, and the Indians will be severely punished for their outbreak. Their brethren on the neighboring reservations are not at all disposed to take sides with them, and a few hundred soldiers will speedily bring the whole incident to a close. There is nothing in it that need deter the steady process of settlement in Northern Minnesota, or alarm the rural population in that region. Conditions are greatly changed since the outbreak of 1862, and another frontier massacre would not now be possible. The Indians realize this, and, however bloodthirsty they may be by nature, they are prudent enough to see that they would be crushed in a conflict with the Government and with the enormous white population of the State.

The most deplorable feature of the recent outbreak was the death of Major Melville C.

Wilkinson of the Third U. S. Infantry, who commanded the second detachment sent to Leech Lake to suppress the outbreak. Wilkinson was captain of Company E, and was a major by brevet. He served through the Civil War in the Twenty-third New York Infantry, and entered the regular army in 1866 as a second lieutenant of the Forty-second Infantry. In 1886 he reached the grade of captain. He had just served through the Santiago campaign without injury, and it seems a great pity that he should perish by a bullet of a lurking savage in the woods of Northern Minnesota. Major Wilkinson was an officer of exceptional intelligence and of many charming personal qualities. During his long service at Fort Snelling he had made a host of warm friends in the Twin Cities, and he was especially beloved by the old soldiers of the Civil War, with whom he became acquainted at the Grand Army Post camp-fires. He met his death bravely, standing up and exposing himself to the fire of the Indians, in order to caution his men to lie down and keep under cover.

E. V. S.



SECTION OF A WHITE PINE TREE FOUR FEET SIX INCHES IN DIAMETER, NEAR COVE, MILLE LACS COUNTY, MINN.

This illustration, for which we are indebted to Gen. C. C. Andrews, chief fire warden of Minnesota, shows a tree which would not be considered large in Washington or Oregon, but which is very good for Minnesota. Among 1,400 fancies surveyed in early days in this same district by Col. P. B. Walker, some 250 fancies averaged over a million feet each of standing pine, while one contained 1,800,000 feet.



Times have Changed.

Mary had a little lamb; that time has passed away. No lamb could follow up the pace that Mary sets today. For now she rides an air-shod wheel, in skirts too short by half; no lamb kin share her airy flight, but you can see her calf.—*Moorhead (Minn.) News.*

Shocking!

Two of Crookston's young couples made a carriage-drive to Fisher and return recently, and one of the young ladies stoutly maintained that it is due to the conduct of her escort that the wheat was shocked at various places along the trip.—*Crookston (Minn.) Times.*

From Envious Manitoba.

The witty paragraphers across the line are making fun of the pretty St. Louis girl who offered Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of Santiago, a kiss, which the young sailor took. It looks at this distance like a case of "Hobson's choice."—*Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press.*

He Ought to Liquor!

The Sheldon (N. D.) *Progress*, always veracious, but sometimes facetious, says that the maddest man in town on a recent date was Editor Burke when a small boy sent him chasing off down to the post-office to see a fight. When he got there he found that a lady had licked a postage-stamp.

Sprung on the Coast.

"I suppose you do not want to print that story of the empty box, do you?" asked the police reporter of the busy city editor.

"Why not?" demanded that official, glancing up inquiringly.

"Because there is nothing in it," grinned the other, just before his salary stopped.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

She Couldn't Stand It.

A man named Rouse married a Missouri girl named Nixcom, and now the wife is bringing suit for divorce. She alleges that it was hard enough to have the papers announce the wedding as the Nixcom-Rouse nuptials, but it was more than she could endure to have her husband insist on naming her son Nixcom A. Rouse.—*Fargo (N. D.) Forum.*

What Constitutes a Hard Kick.

Richard Mansfield on a bicycle in New York City "sassd" a policeman. After a slight controversy the actor informed the minion of the law that in the old days the common man got down on his knees when addressing a gentleman. The copper couldn't stand this, and "pulled" Mr. Mansfield, and the judge held him up for \$10.

Some day or other, it is fate, Mr. Mansfield will go against the wrong man, and will be kicked so hard that it will jar his face down on his breast-bone.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

An Awful Gash.

An awful gash, resembling the longitudinal orifice between the ether and nether crusts of a country-cured pie, was seen coming up the gulch last week. The sight at first frightened

many of our citizens, until latterly it was learned that it was only a smile in the maxillary region of a would-be county candidate. Then children crept from under beds, housewives emerged from cyclone cellars, and the wheels of society soon began to whirl with their accustomed whirl.—*Neihart (Mont.) Herald.*

Whyfore.

"Sinkler" Griffin, the colored evangelist, is making a great hit among the negroes of the South and West. On a recent Sunday he said to a gathering in Guthrie, Okla:

"Wherefore, ye black scoundrels, does the turtitude of your souls leak? I know. You've been shootin' craps, I done say. You've been dallying with God now, but St. Peter'll grab you by de nape of de neck and shake dem horse dice outen your soul. Oh, women, wives of all dese men, you can't operate to cover up your sins by conious sprinklization of smokeless powder! Whyfore your souls leak."—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

A New Breed of Chickens.

One of our Minnesota exchanges says that a building contractor, being of an investigating turn of mind, last spring tried the experiment of mixing a little sawdust with the meal he fed his chickens. He was so pleased with the experiment that he determined to give up feeding his hens corn-meal, and instead kept filling them up on sawdust. Shortly after, he set a hen with thirteen eggs. Last week she came off the nest with a curious lot of chicks. Twelve of them had wooden legs, and the other was a woodpecker.

Ananias as a Prospector.

Some son of Ananias has been prospecting, returning late last week. He made the City of Quilcene his depot of supplies for an exploring tour of three days' duration, and the provision establishments were taxed to their utmost to furnish him food.

When he came out of the mountains his mien was that of a distinct and important somebody. His step was that of a Gog, or a Magog, and his exclusiveness was intense.

Having secured a palatial suite of apartments under the Elevated Railroad bridge, in the due course of portentous events he permitted himself to be interviewed, and, while daintily nibbling a generous portion of Battle Ax plug, he stated that he had discovered and located "an extremely rich ledge of aluminum five acres in extent and fifty feet deep!"

There is aluminum in the Olympic Mountains—we all know that. But, still, the Lord loveth a cheerful liar; what the man said he had is impossible for anyone to have.—*Olympia (Wash.) Miner.*

War is H—!

A little boy in this neighborhood came to the supper-table one Sunday evening rather hungry, and, without any thought or regard for the future, he went at it and ate a lot of lettuce mixed with vinegar. He then ate three doughnuts and two pieces of lemon pie, after which he drank a large glass of sweet milk, and went to bed.

Along in the middle of the night the lettuce got to swinging on the corner with the vinegar, and the doughnuts and lemon pie went to promenading down the center, and then they all joined hands and danced the "Moutchie Koutchie."

All this time the little boy was sweetly dreaming that a red unicorn with a blue stomach and a Japanese lantern tied to his tail, was chasing him through a barbed-wire fence.

After a spell the boy awoke and immediately recognized the fact that he had eaten "not

wisely, but too well." He then began to regret his rash act in a loud tone of voice. His mother, hearing the rumpus, went to his aid, and she says it took four teaspoonfuls of paragoric to call the boy's stomach to order.

The next day the little fellow spent all the forenoon trying to spit a bad taste out of his mouth.—*Hope (N. D.) Pioneer.*

A Tale of Woe.

Leaving the sidewalk—where it was, in front of the house—he entered the luxurious reception vestibule of Millicent Muldooney's ancestral house, raised by the pioneers. The house was full of chink (it was between the logs). As time wore away, Algernon de Fewclothesy grew more and more impatient, like a boy having his hair cut by his mother. Twice did he importune the maid servant to convey a hurry-up order to her lady upstairs.

At 7:56 P. M. he sent up this note:

"The dance begins at 8 P. M."

At 8:17 he dispatched another message:

"The dance is on, and joy is unconfined. Oh, that there were others."

To these she returned answers full of hope. Noting the time by his Waterbury, which was running like a hand-car to supper, he sighed a Klondike sigh, and said:

"All things do not come to him who waits."

Millicent Muldooney, elegantly gowned in a gear that would knock out a red wagon, and which fit her closer than the bend in the river, appeared at the threshold at 8:35 P. M., just as Algernon disappeared behind the cupboard door, whispering to the maid to say that he had gone.

Smiling as sweetly as a dentist taking the measure for a new set of \$10 teeth, and with the shy modesty of a maiden buying her first bottle of perfumed hair-oil at a country store, Millicent, in a free, silvery voice, sweetly inquired:

"Where is he at?"

"Hay got tired vaiting, and I tank hay skal skip von gutter."

"Well, I think," snappishly remarked Millicent, "he orter have guv me a chance to rig out and fix myself up. Why, I've been putting on a bran' new pair of corsets. When a girl has to go to a ball with such a gawky guy as he is, she's got to put on some frills to kinder take the curse off, or folks will think I'm his sister. He's not the only mug in town 'cause he works in a barber-shop."

Algernon came from his hiding-place, and, wiping some of the door-jam from his face, fell into a swoon—there being no well handy.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

• How They Do It.

It is rather warm weather again, and real news items are correspondingly scarce. Hence, we admit the following (clipped by a Davenport girl from the Coulee City *News*—she says), but be it understood, in any event, that we will not be responsible for the consequences, here, hereafter, or elsewhere. The item, in a loud voice, says:

"If you pop the question to a Wilbur girl, she blushes and promises to consider the matter."

"An Almira girl looks surprised, sits with parted lips and bright, wide-open eyes for fifteen minutes or an hour, and then murmurs, 'It's so unexpected—but it's all right, anyhow.'"

"The charming girl from Creston droops her eyes resignedly, pats the carpet with a trim foot, and murmurs 'Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done,' and you know the rest."

"The Reardan girl snuggles right up to you and whispers, 'Wouldn't that cramp one!' and then she lays her head on your shoulder."

"The Harrington girl shifts her gum to the

other side, and asks him if he is sure he has the price.

"The Sprague girl catches that breath of hers two or three times at a venture, and then faints.

"The Coulee City damsel doesn't faint. She looks him dead in the eye and then—"Cert! You didn't think I was standing all this squeezing for the last three months just to test my lungs, did you? Name the day, and make it soon."

The Davenport girl—well, there's where we pause. Looking at the vast array of spectacles, eye-glasses, pincenez, oculars, etc., it would indeed be a courageous man who would—*Davenport (Wash.) Populist.*

Fixing His Residence.

He was a low-browed, second-story thief at the best, the *St. Paul Globe* avers, and he had been caught red-handed—or whatever way it is they catch a burglar when they get him coming out of the window with the silverware in a bag. He knew that there was no show on earth for him to get away, and, while he was waiting for the grand jury to go through the formality of indicting him, he had an inspiration and went in for religion.

Sunday afternoon, when the missionary band visited the jail, he raised his voice louder than any of the others. He was visited in his cell by the missionary, and expressed the most profound penitence for his wrong-doing. He didn't want to get out, not he. He wanted to stay in jail, where he could feel the influence of the good people who were doing their best to save him. If he got out he might fall into bad company again. That was his talk, and it went with pretty much everybody.

When he was brought into court he sat with downcast head while the story of his crime was

told, and to this story was added the fact that he had been caught in pretty much the same fix some eighty-three times before.

He also wept as he listened to the recital of his evil doings, and he occasionally cast a weather eye on the judge. There was no defense, and when it was all over the judge told him to stand up, and asked him what he had to say for himself before the court passed sentence. He had nothing to say, but:

"I am guilty, please your honor, but I have found the Lord."

And the judge turned him loose for being so honest? Not at all. The judge Gorgonzized him with a stony judicial stare, and said:

"If you have found the Lord, I think I'll put you where He can find you for a while. Make it seven years, Mr. Clerk."

An Impressive Anthem.

A great deal of fun has been made at one time and another of the popular church anthem. The following from a correspondent of the *Sioux Falls (S. D.) Press*, who had just visited the Omaha exposition, is a fairly good take-off on the anthem as popularly sung:

"But the most interesting part of the service was the anthem by the choir. It was a good choir, a double quartette, the men in nice summer suits and the ladies radiant in flowers and all colors of the rainbow. The tenor and the alto admonished the congregation to 'Consider the lilies how they grow,' the basses, the sopranos, the altos, and the tenors, all admonished us to 'Consider the lilies,' then a heavy bass from somewhere in the region of his stomach informed the congregation that they 'Toil not, neither do they spin,' then all gave the information that the lilies are not in the habit of toiling or spinning, and presently a young

man in a drooping mustache declared that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed,' the tenor and alto declared that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed,' the soprano told the congregation that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed,' the bass soloist likewise conveyed the information that 'Solomon was not arrayed,' then all the choir severally and collectively declared that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed.'

"We were beginning to wonder what had become of his royal wardrobe, and to pity poor Solomon for his lack of raiment. Just at this juncture the choir explained the matter by saying that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these,' but it had arrived so far from the beginning that we had lost the connection and couldn't tell to save our lives whether by 'these' they meant the gentlemen in their new summer suits or the ladies in their summer gowns and flower hats. It was a most impressive anthem."

Worse than the Horrors of War.

The mercury in the thermometer had dropped off a point or two, and the air responded to it with an effect of resilience on the spirits of the average human being which made all the world seem less like the other place where good Americans don't go when they die. Notwithstanding all this, the man in the northwest corner of green car No. 463, coming down Selby Avenue hill, showed some signs of depression.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired a friend who came aboard later and got a place beside him.

"My wife has punomania," replied the man, gloomily.

"Pneumonia! What is she doing with pneumonia now, when she's got all winter and spring to have it in?"

"I said punomania," corrected the husband.

"Oh, excuse me. What's punomania?"

"The disease of making puns."

"Geeroosalem!" exclaimed the last man; "is it catching? If it is, I'll send my wife around. She never said a funny thing in her life.

"Neither did mine," groaned the first man.

"Why, I thought you said she made puns?"

"I did; but that's no sign she says funny things. A pun once in a thousand years is endurable, but as a steady diet, puns are worse than the horrors of war. That reminds me. The other day she asked me if Miles, and Shafter, and Wheeler, and some of that rank, were general officers, who were particular officers, and before I could swallow she asked me what the last era of Spanish defeat was, and when I thought she was serious, and started to tell her, she gave me the hoo-ha, and said it was Cerv-era. Yesterday, at breakfast, she said that notwithstanding the war was over in Cuba, they were fighting there, and when I failed to catch right on, she asked me if I didn't think there ought to be a colonel in the hull of a ship, instead of a captain or a commodore.

"It has been going on that way ever since I married her. The war only makes it worse by giving her a greater field. Why, this morning, as I left the house, she asked me for some money to go shopping, and I gave her half a dollar. She objected to the amount, and I began to argue, and she snapped out that it was money that talked, and when I snapped back and wanted to know what it talked, she said it talked cents; at least mine did, and then she went back into the house, and I came away wondering what in thunder she meant by that.

"All I've got to say is," groaned the victim, "that you ought to thank heaven for sending you a wife who isn't so darned smart."



BLAZING THE WAY TO THE YUKON.

The Red Lake Indian Agency

By E. A. Evans.



The Alice Meehan is a steamboat used in the lumber trade between the town of Thief River Falls and the great Red Lake, both in Minnesota, and it seldom has any passengers on board except the lumbermen going to their work. An occasional excursion party chartered the boat for a trip to the lakes, but this season the river has been so full of logs that

the regular freight business is all that the boat has done. Mr. Meehan, who had courteously proffered a trip at any time, suggested that it might not be pleasant without a lady companion. After repeated attempts to muster an excursion party we came to the conclusion that, although it might not be pleasant to go alone, it really did not matter, since the trip had to be made, anyway.

The boat had no regular time, always leaving as soon as it was loaded with freight, blowing a whistle about twenty minutes before starting. It was about six o'clock in the evening when the whistle blew. Catching up my satchel, a heavy jacket, an umbrella, and my sketching material, only stopping to eat a roll and drink a cup of tea, I hurried down to the steamer. There were several passengers upon deck, and one followed me into the boat just as the captain's order to pull up the plank and be off sounded forth.

There was a barge heavily loaded with grain to be shoved by the boat, and the motion was hardly perceptible as the crew obeyed orders. But soon our progress was stopped, and we saw that the long barge, in making the short turn of the river, had run into the opposite bank, and the men were operating a long oar to bring it back. As the river repeats these bends every quarter or half-mile, the boat always striking the opposite bank, it was easy to forecast the time we were likely to spend in making a 100-mile trip against the current of the stream.

Two sweet-faced sisters, sitting in the open window, drew a chair near them and welcomed me with a

smile. It is right here, where Thief River unites with Red Lake, that Chief Monsimo (Moose-dung) has built his house. When the chiefs signed the treaty with the Government, each received a present. Monsimo took the agent's advice, and asked for a section of land adjoining the town, a section which he still owns and rents for pasture, while the others spent the money they received before leaving Washington. He now has a bridge over Thief River, and collects toll.

A little farther on we passed Cumbo's Lodge. Cumbo is a strong, upright, pleasant-faced man, past sixty, who speaks very good English. He was unfortunate in his first marriage, none of his children growing to manhood or woman-



WERE ON THE BOAT.

"The professor and the Indian trader monopolizing the magazines."

hood; so he took a young squaw, and continues to live with them both. This bad example was not followed by the other Indians, however, who are contented with one lodge-keeper. The warrior's old squaw smokes continually, spending a good deal of her time in scraping the willow-bark for her supply of kinnikinnick; the young squaw speaks very good English, is well dressed, and has a number of married children.

At this point an agent of the Government who is to look after the pine lands and see that only the dead and down trees are made into lumber, joined our group, and soon it was quite evident that he found the sisters as charming as I discovered them to be, especially the younger one, whose eyes had a coquettish glance—which many yards of nun's veiling could not hide. We saw but few signs of life after Thief River faded from sight. A birch-bark canoe was at the water's edge, a low log-hut was on the bank, and a little farther on the Viking, a returning steamboat, was taking on wood. Soon we were seated at supper, with a dozen others. The nuns greeted the young,

well-dressed Indian near them, and addressed one of the gentlemen as the "Professor."

Seeking the deserted upper deck, for the next two hours I enjoyed the beauty of the stream as, in the intense, starry solitude of the slowly descending night-time we wound slowly from the dark shadows of one lonely lagoon into those of another. Reluctantly leaving my place when the boat stopped for the night, upon reaching the rapids (it is too dark to pass them), I found next morning that the large stones lying in the current of the river caused these expensive delays.

It was a glorious day, and we all ascended to the deck. The openings in the trees along the banks were larger, more frequent, and filled with a swamp-grass in which some wild rice is mixed. Indians gather this for winter food, going in parties to Leech Lake for this purpose, where it grows abundantly. The lonely graves along the banks, with little windows in one end for the convenience of the spirit in going in and out, looked like beehives. A recent Sioux grave has a white canvas stretched over the top of four stakes.

These were the original hunting-grounds of the Sioux or Dakota Indians—who were mortal enemies of the Ojibways, or the Chipewas, as our Government writes it, a tribe that has fought its way in some terrible battles from Lake Superior to this Red Lake Country. The Sioux (roasters) were terrible enemies to have, as they burned their captives. It was by retaliating upon them that the Ojibways (to roast until puckered up) got their name. They sewed a captive Sioux up in skins which constantly drew tighter from contact with the fire, and then burned him. It is said that a party of Sioux hid for weeks from the Ojibways on a stream which ever after they called the Kimo-da-pi-wi-si-bi (Secret, or Thief River.)

There is little wonder that this country, with its beautiful lakes and rivers teeming with fish, and banks fringed with birch, willow, oak and maple, in which the Ojibway Indian especially delights, and where he always lives, should have been the scene of such fierce and long continued battles. Only the stronger nation could possess this land. Only the weaker would yield. In vain the Government of the United States attempted to act as peace-maker, and gathered them by hundreds at Fort Snelling to smoke the pipe of peace. As long as there was a Sioux to conquer, the Ojibway must fight; and wherever there was an Ojibway to be scalped and roasted, the Sioux danced their war-dance.

But now the cook came to announce dinner, which, after the long morning in the open air, had an extra relish. Apologizing constantly



THE "DEAD-AND-DOWN" MAN.

"It was evident that he found the sisters as charming as I discovered them to be."

THE ALICE MEEHAN'S COOK.

"The cook came to announce dinner."



ST. ANTIPAS, THE "OLD CHIEF'S" CHURCH ON RED LAKE RESERVATION.

"Old Chief Mad-wa-go-nint was a very remarkable man. . . . On Sundays, before they got their bell, he used to go to each family and tell them it was time to go to church."

for his few supplies, not knowing that he would have any passengers, he loaded the table with snowy bread, tender steaks, hot potatoes, ham and eggs, corn bread, canned corn and tomatoes, warm pie, rice pudding, stewed plums, and cake, and we ate with the appetite of a lumberman! The teacher of the Government school occupied a place at my left, and told me about the work he had been doing. As we again went on deck, the gentleman who had bought a Gordon setter remembered his dog with a plate of food which caused the homesick creature, chained to a box on the barge, to cease howling for a moment. Finally the long afternoon drew to a close, and we saw, nestled among magnificent oak trees on the left bank, a number of low log huts, to which the engineer drew our attention by a shrill whistle, announcing Oak Grove.

How pleasant this last evening was upon the deck! We drew our chairs together and buttoned our jackets tighter, for the air was frosty. The "dead-and-down" man recited several of his impromptu speeches. The professor sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," calling our attention to the last verse—

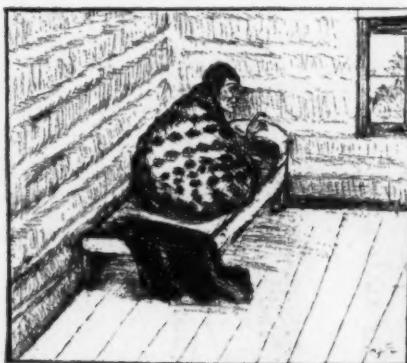
"Since He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free."

which seemed appropriate after the long talk with the gentle nuns and himself about their schools in the wilderness. They are teaching a school of about eighty pupils, although they only have accommodations for fifty.

At last the splashing of the waters as we ploughed through them lulled us into silence, and we sought rest for the night. The rolling motion of the boat awakened me, however, when we entered the lake. Going on deck, I was invited to partake of a midnight lunch with the professor and the Indian trader, who were still up, waiting to land. The point of the lake that we had to cross was about twelve miles wide, but the lakes are each about thirty-five miles across—making a distance of over seventy miles across the two lakes. The opening between them is called the Narrows and is about thirteen miles wide and two hundred miles around, making Red Lake the largest body of fresh water in North America, aside from the Great Lakes. Leech Lake, where the White Earth Reservation is situated, sixty miles south of Red Lake, is one hundred and sixty miles in circumference.

Peering from my window, while they were

casting anchor, I wondered what they had that long line of fortifications for? You see, you must leave your downy couch before five o'clock, if you would enjoy a Northern day-break, where the hastening dawn attempts to atone for the loitering twilight. Alone on deck, without a disturbing sound, the glorious



OLD CHIEF LEADING FEATHER, TELLING LEGENDS.

"Leading Feather is past eighty, and he was sitting on a cot bed, wrapped completely up in a bed-quilt."

morning advanced across the glimmering lake to meet me. Then I saw, in the morning sun, my black fortifications take on the soft outlines of summer foliage. A birch-bark canoe was turned upon its side near the water, and two Indians soon appeared to start a fire near it. They must have camped in their canoe. Two or three men came down the hill to the beach, and looked us over. Then an Indian jumped into a canoe, and in the twinkling of an eye he was on the barge and examining it.

There were sounds of life below, at this period, and all the passengers were invited to step on the barge. Reminding the captain that he was to call for me if he made the trip around the lakes next time, we all boarded the barge and were landed in a body. The sisters invited me to visit them, said good-bye, and disappeared by a path through the woods. We ourselves trudged up the sandy road in a straggling fashion, carrying-our

traveling-bags, umbrellas, and wraps in search of lodging and breakfast. Acting on the timberman's suggestion, who had been here before, I passed the hotel where the others stopped, and sought entertainment at the home of Mr. Spears. An aged Indian woman opened the door and signed me to wait. Upon her reappearance the "American Help" was with her, who gave me a room and breakfast as soon as Mrs. Fairbanks, the brisk, brown-eyed, smiling-faced matron of the Indian School, appeared, in her dainty blue-check morning-dress.

Following her up the steep sandy hill, later in the day, to the level top of blue-grass sod, shaded with magnificent oak, and overlooking the lake to where the sky and waters meet, I found the Red Lake Indian Agency—in the finest location I have ever seen for a school. This school has been located there twenty-five years, and all the buildings need repairing. There is a schoolhouse which looks like our State district schools—its black-boards adorned with colored crayon, and its well-worn floor scoured white and spotless. From a desk the matron produced some drawings, which compared well with the primary work in our schools. The Home, with its low ceilings, small windows, and dark paint, might pass for a farmhouse. At the right is the superintendent's room, with its desk, a few chairs, and an organ. In the kitchen, with its immense range and work-tables, an instructor in cooking is established, who teaches all these girls to cook, and who is assisted by the older girls as fast as they learn.

On the walls of the dining-room are cupboards for the thickest dishes I ever saw. The matron said, "Thick as they are, they break them." The rooms back of the kitchen on one side serve as a laundry, where another teacher presides; and on the other side is the boys' work-room. On the next floor are the sewing-room, linen closets, and girl's wardrobes in the front part, while in the rear are the boys' dormitories.

Each girl has a cupboard, in which her underclothes, neatly folded, are placed, and a hook upon which her dress hangs. The clothing is all made here—the girls assisting; and three machines are kept busy. I was told that the girls learn sewing, cooking, and laundry work much more readily than they learn from books. In the lace school, kept by Miss Styles, the young women are taught to make exquisite designs in Honiton lace, which commands a good price in the East.

The upper floor is devoted to the girls, and is filled with snow-white single beds. I observed the same order and cleanliness all through the buildings. On account of lack of sleeping-rooms, they can only accommodate fifty pupils here, although a superintendent, assistant



TYPICAL CHIPPEWA TEEPEE AT THE RED LAKE AGENCY, IN MINNESOTA.

"In the summer-time they like to move into a teepee and show their children how they used to live."

teacher, matron, cook, seamstress, laundress, and boy's manual training teacher are kept at an expense of six thousand dollars a year. With proper sleeping-room and dining-room capacity, this force could instruct the four hundred and seventy-five children of the reservation that are between five and eighteen years of age.

An appropriation of \$35,000 makes them hope for better things another year. Since Mr. Hughes came to the school, thirteen boys and nine girls have gone to Fort Totten, N. D., to finish the grammar school. Three girls and one boy went to Genoa, Nebraska, two years ago. The present assistant teacher, Mr. Brown, and the Indian merchant, Mr. Fairbanks, were in the first party of students—eight boys and seven girls—that left for Jubilee College, near Peoria, Illinois, in 1883. They were separated in Chicago, the girls going on to the Carlyle school in Pennsylvania. The boys, in care of the conductor, left the cars at Peoria and played about the depot until the police took charge of them and locked them up, although they were permitted to sleep in a hotel. Of course they finally arrived at the school, but their experience was not calculated to please them. The next year they left for Lincoln Institute in Philadelphia, where they stayed seven years, going from there to Carlyle School and Dixon College. After this they entered the employ of the Government as interpreters. Seymour Fairbanks, to whom I am indebted for the translation of some Indian legends, is taking charge of his brother's store at the Agency. N. S. Head, in Mr. Spears' store, spent a few years at the Fort Totten School.

All the pupils that attend the school are boarded in the school home during the school year. The clothing, food, and books are furnished by the Government, and they live the same as children in an ordinary boarding-school. The boys seem to care more for going away to school and making use of their ac-

complishments than the girls do, who are very timid and will always answer "cowan," if addressed in English.

The women use a shawl for their only wrap, drawing it over their heads when walking, and around their waists when sitting on the ground. Some of the younger women wear hats. They have all adopted the dress of American citizens, but the men and boys still like to stick feathers in their hats. They have a legend of a friendship league between the may-may (woodpecker) and themselves, in which the bird asks them to always wear a feather to show that they are friends.

Their houses are all built of logs, the better class having shingled roofs, and a small window opposite the door. Some of the buildings are covered with bark. Many are built without any visible entrance or window—quite the reverse of the American habit of crowding windows and doors to the front. They have only one room, and often three or four narrow beds are ranged about the wall, each grown person having his own bed. The stove is in the center. In the summer-time they like to move into a teepee and show their children how they used to live. These are made of bark stretched over posts set in the ground and held down by strong withes. There is no floor. A kettle is swung from a support, outside in the shade, of three large branches of the oak or maple, cut and set slanting so as to be self-supporting. When cooking, the woman sits on the ground beside this, and all the dogs gather around.

The order and quiet of the place are results of the liquor law, which forbids any liquor on the reservation, as much as the naturally quiet nature of the race. They pass you as silently as moving shadows, their moccasined feet making no noise, their tongues giving no greeting.

Seymour Fairbanks went to the home of Leading Feather with me, and translated several of the tribe's legends that have not been published, also a book of pure Indian legends

to read. Leading Feather is past eighty, and he was sitting on his cot bed, wrapped completely up in a bed-quilt. He does not know when they first came to Red Lake, but knows that there was a terrible battle. It was about the time the Constitution of the U. S. was adopted; and in 1806 there were 1,020 Indians with their chief, "Wiscoup the Sweet," stationed here.

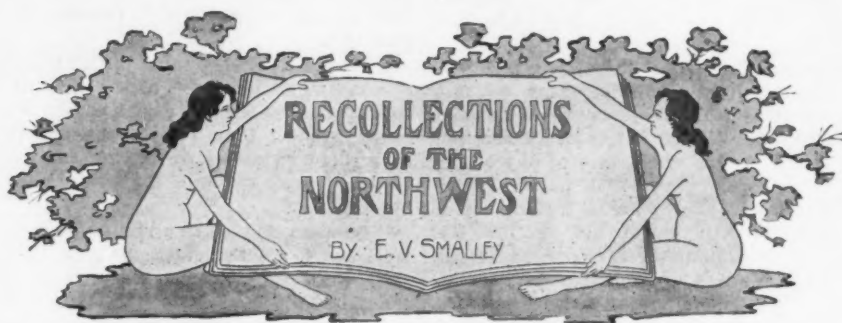
The old Chief Mad-wa-go-nint, who died last winter, was a very remarkable man. When young he had often carried his canoe twenty miles without stopping. Very tall and straight, he had a commanding presence. Converted in 1872 by Bishop Whipple, who established this mission, he did not rest until he had brought all the young people into the church. On Sundays, before they got their bell, he used to go to each family and tell them it was time to go to church. The present missionary, Mr. Willis, came directly from his school at Faribault, and found his smiling-faced wife already here, her step-father being agent at that time. She speaks Chippewa like a native, and is very much beloved by these Indian women. In the church service which I attended they took part in the worship, their grave faces appearing very devout.

The Roman Catholic school, which also receives some help from the Government, is situated a mile away in an open court entirely surrounded by groves of black pine, which resemble the Norway Spruce, so frequently seen on our lawns. The buildings appear newer, and some are being remodeled for school work. Just before reaching the Catholic school we passed the Protestant cemetery—with the little windowed houses built over each grave for protection. There are 1,370 Indians here on the annuity pay-roll this year, against 1,350 last year. They usually receive seven dollars per annum, but just now they are paying a back school debt, and will receive only five dollars each for some time to come.



A LOGGING SCENE ON THE RED LAKE INDIAN RESERVATION, IN MINNESOTA.

Only what is known as "dead and down" timber is permitted to be cut on reservation lands. A great deal of it is used for fuel purposes, but the better portion of it is sawed into marketable lumber. This country is rich in standing timber, and is fast being thrown open to the more enterprising white people.



CHAPTER V.

Helena was a lively town in 1882. It consisted of a huddle of small buildings jammed into a narrow gulch and climbing the hillsides on either hand. On top of the hills were residence districts fairly well improved. At the mouth of the gulch huge piles of gravel and bowlders showed where placer mining had been prosecuted; and the citizens, remembering that thirty million dollars' worth of gold had been dug out of this famous gulch, were disposed to look on these unsightly piles of debris as in some sort monuments to the greatness of the place. There were only 6,000 people in Helena when I first saw it, but it had a more city-like air than any town we had seen since our party left St. Paul. Along the main street, which ran in the middle of the old mining gulch, surged night and day an animated crowd of miners, prospectors, cowboys, sheepmen, cattlemen, and farmers from the neighboring irrigated valleys. Saloons abounded, gambling-houses ran with bands of music and open doors, and there was a large population of the kind of women of whom Kipling says that their profession is the oldest on earth. In the store windows costly goods were displayed. Now and then a six-horse stage rattled up the street from some mining-camp. The smallest coin in circulation was a dime. You paid a quarter for a shave or a shine, and while the price of newspapers was ten cents a piece, if you gave the boy a quarter he gave you back only a dime for change. All goods were hauled by bull teams from Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri, over 150 miles distant, and the camps and cattle of the teamsters filled much of the vast space around the city. It was certain that the Northern Pacific would reach the city in another year, but there was no real estate speculation. The people appeared to be so accustomed to the more exciting speculative industry of mining for gold and silver that they were slow to take hold of deals in lots.

I went into the gambling-houses to look at the play, but did not find the spectacle at all exciting. The players were either battered, red-faced miners from the mountains, or town toughs, and the stakes were small. There were faro and roulette tables, but the favorite game was stud-poker. This game still prevails in the Rocky Mountains. It is played according to the ordinary rules of poker, except that all the cards dealt out, except the first one given to each player, are dealt face up, so that the only mystery about any player's hand is what the first card may turn out to be. After each round is dealt, the betting is resumed. A player may have two pairs in the four cards dealt face up, and if he bets stiffly it is supposed that his fifth card, which he alone has seen, will give him a full hand. If he bets high on only one pair in sight, the other players conclude that the unseen card will give him three of a kind. The "house" takes a percentage on all winnings, and thus has a sure thing.

I found in Helena an ardent love of home,

such as animates the inhabitants of all mountain countries. The men and women I met were in love with Montana. They were not there to make money and go somewhere else to live. They thought that there was no better country than Montana under the sun. I could well understand how it would be possible to become attached to the somber mountains and the vast sweep of the sunny brown plains, and to feel in any country, that was all fenced in, "cribbed, cabined and confined." Everything was on a large scale in this Rocky Mountain region. I remember a certain piazza from which I could look over fifty miles of valley to the great column of rock called the Bear's Tooth, which stood on the Missouri, in the Gate of the Mountains, and, turning my gaze to the south, could follow the Belt Range for a hundred miles; then, near at hand, I could see a storm of snow raging around the peaks of the Elkhorn group, while the plain below was flooded with sunshine. I thought that the Helena people had profited by their isolation from the life of the East, because they showed no subserviency to the customs or opinions of larger cities. Their ambition was to develop a genuine capital city that should be a center of thought as well as of business and politics. They had their social and literary clubs, their musical and dramatic societies; yet they were still five hundred miles from the nearest railway station. We are accustomed to think of railways as essential to the growth and to the very existence of towns, but this was not the case in the early days of Montana. Except in the Yellowstone Valley, all the towns were established before the locomotive reached the Territory.

I could see no *raison d'être* for a town on the spot where Helena stands. The surface of the country was highly unfavorable for town-building, and there were no adequate facilities for either water supply or drainage. The Missouri River was a dozen miles away. Abrupt mountain walls shut in the city on one side. There were a few irrigated farms in sight in the valley of the Prickly Pear, but they were not numerous enough to make a populous farming district. Evidently the town must have owed its origin to the superior capability of the men who first settled it. Most of these men were still living in 1882, and I found them to be big, healthy, strong-willed, magnetic fellows, who attracted other men to them and who naturally took the lead in all sorts of enterprises. They had served on one side or the other in the Civil War, and came out across the plains to Montana when the first reports of gold discoveries reached the States. They had been engaged in a constant battle after they reached their new homes, for they had to fight Indians and desperadoes, and they had established law and order by organizing a vigilance committee and hunting down and hanging the members of gangs of highwaymen, horse-thieves, and murderers. The most romantic and thrilling epoch in Montana history was the day of the Vigilantes, and

here in Helena lived many of the men who at peril of their lives, with the revolver and the hangman's rope, had dealt swift vengeance to ruffians and robbers, and made life and property as safe in the wildest parts of the Territory as in the streets of an Eastern city.

Natural drawbacks have prevented the realization of the hopes of the Helena people that their city would soon be to Montana what Denver is to Colorado, and that it would rival the Colorado metropolis in population and wealth. The railroad reached Helena in 1883, and the town had a short period of rapid growth, running up to a population of about 12,000. It built handsome business blocks and elegant residences, opened electric railway lines, established a watering-place resort at a hot spring close by, and extended suburbs in every direction where the mountain walls did not interpose a barrier. The new growth stopped suddenly, and in recent years there has been very little further development. Butte, with its mines and smelters, forged far ahead. Great Falls sprang up on the east. No new lines of industry was secured by Helena to support additional population, and the people were forced to make a bitter fight with Anaconda to keep the State capital. If there is to be one large central city in Montana, it is impossible now to say where it will be; but Helena's chance appears to be as good as that of any other town to obtain that honor. The resources of Montana are certainly as great as those of Colorado, and I can see no reason why an important city should not grow up in time at some point in the former State.

THE DESERT.

Three days without water! How long can it last?

They hardly dared to think.
They feel their strength is falling fast,
And, oh, for a good cold drink!
The filmy heat from the burning sand
Dances 'twixt earth and sky—
A desolate desert, a hellish land,
And, God! it is hot and dry.

The buzzards float in the upper air,
Points in the dazzling blue;
With eyes half blind from the pitiless glare,
They stagger their journey through.
The snow-capped peaks away down south
Tower a steelish gray—
Far from this land of awful drouth,
And now they stop to pray.

The buzzards drop from the upper air,
And hover above the plain—
Close on the track of the dying pair,
While the sun laughs at their pain.
The buzzards have lit on the torrid ground,
Close to a ghastly heap,
And silence reigns—there's never a sound,
The whole world seems asleep.

In this land of gloom, this land accurst,
Death is holding a feast.
Men may die of a burning thirst,
But Fate cares not the least.
A burnished shield the desert white,
That touches the far-off sky;
While the gathering buzzards croak and fight,
And, God! it is hot and dry.
Westlake, Id. J. B. RICE.

MAGNUM OPUS.

The poet, so meek and so humble,
Bends low o'er his pen, then he sighs—
"Oh, had I the gift of the artist,
I'd paint thee in colors, fair skies!

"I'd paint the blue and green waters
In hues that no pen can portray,
With reflections of sunsets and shadows,
That separate night-time from day."

The artist takes palette and brushes,
Mixes colors in hues most sublime,
And envies the skies, lakes, and rivers
The poet has pictured in rhyme.

Man envies not artist, nor author,
But conceives a work mighty and grand;
Hence, weaves in book-form their productions,
With links that bind every known land.

Spokane, Wash. MRS. REGINALD F. MEAD.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF HORSESHOE BASIN, WASH.

That the variety and grandeur of the mountain scenery of Washington is unsurpassed by any country in the world is a fact long known to readers of this magazine, but there are many unexplored regions in that vast State from which will some day come more interesting stories than have yet been told. An example of this new scenic wealth is seen in the following lines from a correspondent of the *Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman*, who visited what he calls one of the most remarkable accessories of Lake Chelan, a magnificent body of water among the Cascade Mountains, in Okanogan County. The writer speaks particularly of the Canyon of the Stehekin and the Horseshoe Basin, which is a part of it, but he regards the canyon as only one of the remarkable features of the vicinity, for the reason that, in the vast ramifications of the various affluents of the lake amid these stupendous and unexplored wastes of granite and ice, there are so many wonders that it is presumptuous to affirm that one is more remarkable than another.

artillery. Three miles above the lake the marvelous Rainbow Falls is passed, 350 feet high, in whose foaming unrest there hangs in the afternoon of every sunny day a dazzling rainbow, a perfect circle, symbol of eternity and of peace; for eternity is peace. About twelve miles up the Stehekin is the junction of the Agnes with that stream, and from the height of five hundred feet above, where the trail leads, is a view up their canyons, and also a view of a mighty group of serrated and glaciated peaks, from which the milky waters of the Agnes issue—a scene which, though there is no one of the group equal to Mt. Tacoma or Mt. Adams, yet as a whole rivals any view of either. It shows the vastness of this mountain region to say that this magnificent group of peaks is, so far as could be learned, without name.

A miner whom the writer met said that from a high peak near Bridge Creek, on a clear day, he counted over four hundred similar peaks, ranging in height, he judged, from nine

to descend, all in one view, in perhaps a dozen leaps and slides, not less than twenty-five hundred feet.

After about a dozen miles in this panorama of wonders, we perceived, on the north side of the canyon, the beginnings of a picture wilder, bolder, grander than any yet seen, one which, from the descriptions, we recognize as the far-famed Horseshoe Basin, the special object of our quest.

It becomes visible as a grand whole from the trail, but to get its details one must cross the river which issues from it and turn thence to the right up a rough, hard trail which leads to the basin itself. Upon the top of a granite rampart, one may pause and gaze down into the basin, and there behold a scene which the writer considers to surpass anything he has ever seen in the course of extensive mountaineering, one which Mr. Gorman, of the Geological Survey, thinks the gem of the entire mountain range of this Coast—a scene which seems to be the crowning work of this whole great gallery of wonders, which neither Yellowstone nor Yosemite can surpass. The greater part of the Stehekin Canyon, and even Lake Chelan



PICKING HOPS IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY, WASH.

During the fall season the hop-growing districts in Washington afford many interesting spectacles. Thousands of young folk are engaged to harvest the crop, and hop-picking becomes almost a festival. The scenes by day and the merry-making by night constitute annual events.

It may be said, he says, that there are, so far as known, four chief ones of these vast canyons—those of Railroad Creek, of the Agnes and Upper Stehekin rivers, and of Bridge Creek. The Agnes River and Bridge Creek are both tributaries of the Stehekin.

Vast walls and minarets of granite and porphyry; waterfalls and cataracts of dizzy heights; glaciers and snow-fields, and parks and alpine glades of infinite variety, characterize all these canyons alike. Amid their bewildering variety and extent, the explorer might well pause in doubt as to any possible superiority of one over the other. It is safe to affirm that nowhere else in the United States is there such an aggregate of all the combinations of mountain phenomena of the grandest pattern.

The trail is a fairly good one, though in some places it works its way over rough rock-slides and crosses turbulent streams, where strewn and shattered debris of trees and rocks bear mute witness to the frightful avalanches which annually gouge the flanks of these huge canyon walls, the sound of whose falling is like that of the mightiest of battles with the heaviest of

thousand to eleven thousand or more feet.

The trail beyond the Agnes is shadowed with drooping cedars of marvelous beauty, and with giant ferns of almost tropical luxuriance.

Reaching Bridge Creek, one is at the State trail from the Methow over the Skagit Pass. The furious torrent, plunging and roaring over its granite bulwarks in a perfect paroxysm of rage, is spanned by a good bridge, and once past this one finds oneself entering the Great canyon of the Upper Stehekin.

The mountains tower higher and more precipitously with every mile; and traces of frequent avalanches make horses' footing seem precarious, though they pick their way cautiously and surely, testing every step.

Pretty soon, the correspondent says, we begin to encounter snow-banks, small at first, then spreading out to many acres. On the south side of the canyon, issuing from amid peaks that rise apparently five or six thousand feet almost perpendicularly from the river, are falls and cataracts so numerous that the eye is wearied and the mind almost sated in an attempt to follow them. One of these we judged

itself, has a certain chaotic irregularity which, though not detracting from their grandeur, takes away something of the majesty and sense of completeness which stamps the Yosemite with such power upon the mind.

But in Horseshoe Basin nature seems to say:

"Amid this broken chaos of shattered mountain ranges I will place one completed and perfect work." Though not grander, not in fact so wildly terrible as the glacier peaks which head the canyon three miles beyond, the basin has that ineffable and indescribable sense of perfectness which impresses the beholder with the thought that here he faces one of the supreme works of nature. And as we rest at ease upon the great pillar of granite from which we can overlook the entire basin, this is what we see:

At the outmost northern rim of the whole basin is a semicircular escarpment of minarets of granite, stained to a deep red by iron deposits and nearly a hundred in number, rising perpendicularly to a height of one thousand to three thousand feet above the enclosed amphitheater.

theater, two miles or more across, which is known as the Upper Basin.

The western half of the Upper Basin is filled with a great glacier whose dazzling white surface, covered with green crevices, contrasts wonderfully with the towering spires of red behind. In front, the basin breaks off in a semi-circular descent, circling opposite to the red towers on the north, over whose perpendicular front, of apparently two thousand feet, the waters of the glacier pour in twenty-one waterfalls and cataracts!

Plunging with a mingling of sounds which run the entire gamut of hydrokinetic music, from the deep thunder of the largest to the soft swish of the spray from the smallest and highest, these accumulated waters join in a snow-bank bordered with vivid green in the Lower Basin, hastening thence in one impetuous torrent through a deepening gorge, from which they issue in one magnificent fall of probably two hundred feet, the foaming waters then hiding in a great tunnel which they have cut through an overlying bank of snow.

Such is Horseshoe Basin.

It was approaching evening as we turned to leave. Reluctantly we gazed backward for a farewell look. The shadows of the monstrous crags on the west already covered most of the glacier, and were creeping across the Upper Basin, turning the falling diamonds of half the cataracts into lusterless milk-white pearls. On the right the red saw-teeth of the outer rampart glowed fiercely in the full blaze of the sun. Far below us the great Canyon of the Stehekin was sinking in purple mists, while, closing the long vista, a mighty snow-peak stood sentinel, flushed with the red light of evening. Amid the thunder and splash of spouting cataracts, we seemed almost to see God in the act of creation; and a sense of awe, softening into indescribable peace, filled all the majestic conflict of earth and sky.

AN AMIABLE GREENHORN.

Mrs. G— of Staten Island had in her employ a greenhorn. Her only qualification for the position of waitress which she possessed on her arrival in this country was a pretty face. She was voluble of speech and slow of comprehension, and many a housekeeper would have given her marching orders at the end of the first week; but Mrs. G— thought there were the makings of a good servant in her, and so kept her.

After the girl had been with her a month, and had learned how to serve soup without spilling it down the backs of the diners, Mrs. G— gave a dinner, to which were invited two very dignified people, in whose home everything ran with the smoothness of a chronometer, and she was naturally anxious to approximate that smoothness in the service of her dinner.

For two courses everything went as heart could wish. Bridget refrained from speech, spilled not a thing, was attentive to the wants of the guests, and looked as pretty as a fresh young Irish girl can, which is saying a great deal.

But when she removed the fish and attempted to take it down stairs to the kitchen, she tripped on the top step, and with a scream and a series of bumps and crashes she and the fish accomplished the descent.

Mrs. G— and her family vainly tried to keep from laughter. There was such a "cheerful bumpy sound" in her down-going! The two dignified guests were as adamant. They evidently heard nothing. But even their risibles were not proof against what followed. Mrs. G— sat irresolute for a moment, hoping that the girl would not require assistance. And she

did not. In the richest of accents a voice came up the basement stairs:

"Did ye hear me? Fell arl the way down shairs an' landed on me fut loike a burrd."—*Harper's Bazar.*

EVOLUTION OF THE WEDDING CAKE.

When in ancient or imperial Rome a maiden was wedded according to confarreatio, she always carried three ears of wheat in her hand, while over her head was broken a simple cake of far and mola salsa as a presage of plenty and an ample abundance of the good things of life.

In this primitive custom, then, we see the germ from which grew the elaborate plum leaves and daintily beribboned boxes of luscious richness that form so conspicuous a feature of our marriage feasts today.

The bridal-wreath of an early English bride was likewise fashioned of bearded (and sometimes gilded) wheaten spikes; while, on her return from church, corn and other cereals were showered upon her and then carefully gathered up and consumed by the wedding guests. In this, also, we recognize a rude ancestor of a modern fashion, that of sending a newly-married pair off in a small blizzard of hard, snowy rice.

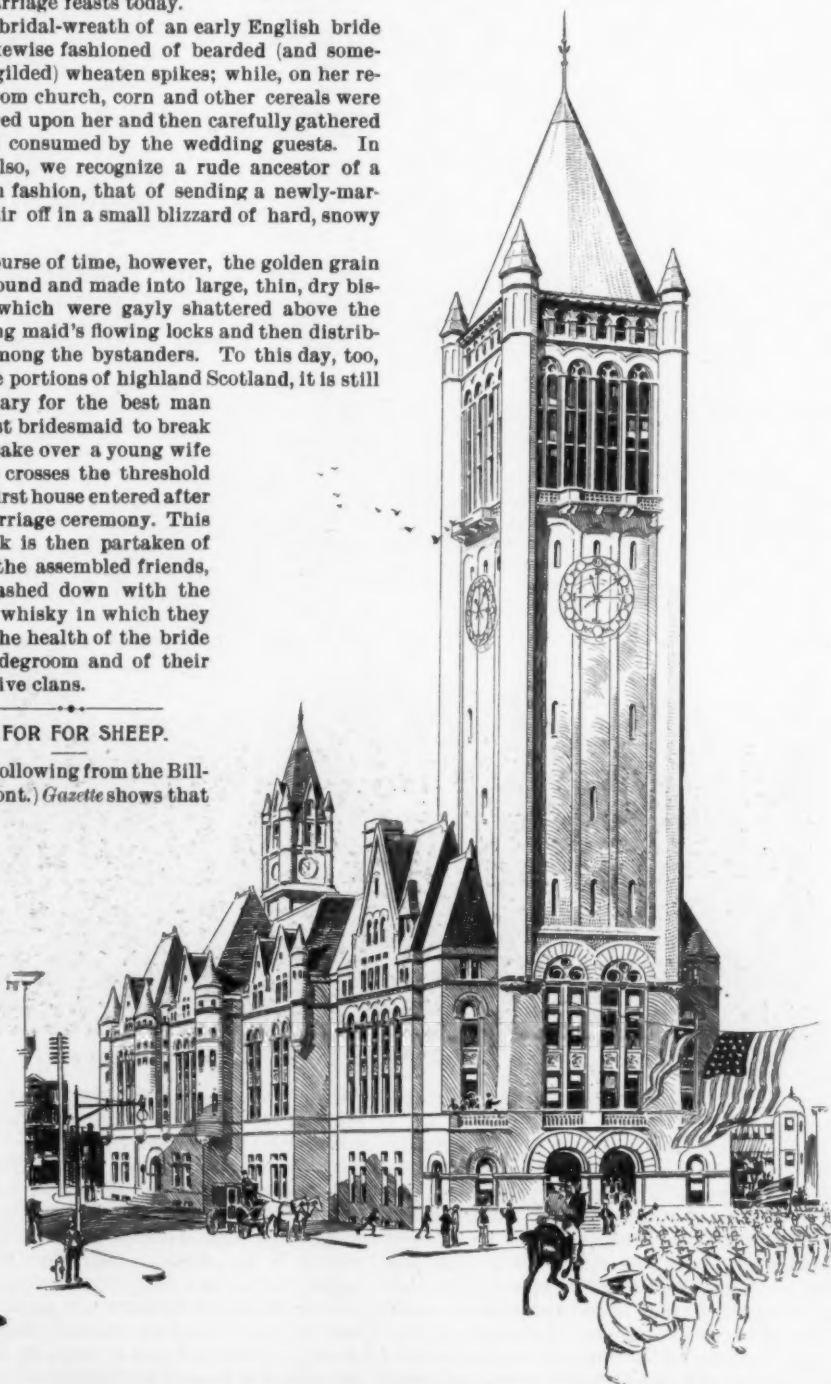
In course of time, however, the golden grain was ground and made into large, thin, dry biscuits, which were gayly shattered above the blushing maid's flowing locks and then distributed among the bystanders. To this day, too, in some portions of highland Scotland, it is still customary for the best man and first bridesmaid to break an oatake over a young wife as she crosses the threshold of the first house entered after the marriage ceremony. This bannock is then partaken of by all the assembled friends, and washed down with the Scotch whisky in which they drink the health of the bride and bridegroom and of their respective clans.

\$4 FOR FOR SHEEP.

The following from the Billings(Mont.) Gazette shows that

the price of sheep has reached a figure that will enable growers to bask on the sunny side of Easy Street for awhile at least: "William Rea, the Trevor, Wis., sheep buyer, who has been operating on the Billings market purchasing feeders since the first of May, bought the C. O. Gruwell band of wethers recently, 11,300 head, at \$4, which tops the market so far this season. Since May Mr. Rea has purchased nearly 100,000 head of sheep on this market, consisting of lambs, yearling wethers and two-year-old wethers and up, the price of the lambs running from \$2.50 to \$3, and the two-year-old wethers and up from \$3 to \$4 a head.

"If such prices are maintained, it will be a long time before the sheepmen of Montana retire from so profitable an industry."



ST. PAUL'S NEW POST-OFFICE BUILDING.—By courtesy of the Pioneer Press.

When completed, this magnificent building will be surmounted with an immense clock tower 296 feet high and forty-six feet square at the base. The tower at the other end of the building is 150 feet high. The structure is built of granite, iron, and concrete, and is as substantial as it is handsome. It will be large enough to accommodate the Government's business in St. Paul for years to come, and its location between Fifth and Sixth streets, opposite Rice Park, makes it convenient of access to the general public.

A LAND OF GREAT PROMISE.

By a Montanan.

One of the best known regions of Montana is that portion which joins the Yellowstone National Park on the north and is the recognized gateway to that marvelous fairy-land. This knowledge has resulted from the fact that the only railroad which reaches the park branches off from the main line of the Northern Pacific at Livingston and runs up the Yellowstone Valley as far as Cinnabar, near the edge of the park, and for which a great deal of advertising has been done by the railroads, hotels, tourists, travelers, and writers, dealing chiefly, however, with the strange grandeur of the scenery—telling enthusiastically, from their varied standpoints, of its unexcelled magnificence. The geysers, the springs, the innumerable snow-clad peaks, the broken mountain ranges, the Yellowstone Canyon, the bizarre color, the fish and game, and the many other varied and interesting scenic features are fully described by visitors from all over the world, but the agricultural side of this very interesting region has

hay, or range, and prices of land in this territory are very moderate. The Yellowstone River, from the time it leaves the park until it runs out of the county at Springdale, is joined by over seventy-five tributaries, some of them of considerable volume, and many of them making extensive little valleys of their own. The most attractive of these for settlers are the Tom Miner and Mulhern creeks. The former is known as the Tom Miner Creek Basin, which rises near the northwest corner of the park and flows northeasterly and joins the Yellowstone at the lower end of Yankee Jim's Canyon or the Second Canyon. There is a fine body of cultivable land along this creek, and many fine farms and stock ranches are now being improved on the surveyed portion of it.

Mulhern Creek, or what is known as the Cinnabar Basin, contains a splendid tract of hay-meadow and range land, and many profitable locations are still obtainable along its course. Several other of the numerous little streams

is protected on the east by the southern dip of the Crazy, and on the west by the Bridger Mountains which run south, joining the Gallatin Range in a kind of broken ridge. The valley is about forty miles long and twenty miles wide to the base of the mountains, and opens into the Yellowstone Valley five miles east of Livingston.

This is one of the most highly favored valleys in Montana. It is endowed with plenty of water, productive soil, abundance of timber for lumber and fuel, several producing coal deposits, exceptionally fine ranges, and all the elements necessary to make diversified or special farming a positive success. Yet, so little known is this excellent section, that less than two hundred settlers are to be found in the whole valley. A couple of irrigation ditches are now finished there, and land with perpetual water-right can be bought quite reasonably; and other lands, improved and wild, can be secured at low prices. Some Government land is still obtainable, also.

As to the productiveness of Park County in cereals and vegetables, I quote the following extract from a circular signed by several of the most reliable men in the county, furnishing data for intending settlers:

"The yield of wheat, oats, rye, and barley in this State is so enormous that people who have never farmed in a country where water is applied whenever it is needed can scarcely credit the figures given. Indeed, it has never



LIVINGSTON, MONTANA.

been entirely overlooked by tourists and home-seekers.

The agricultural lands of Park County are rather peculiarly situated. They lie along the river and creek bottoms, varying from flat, irrigable ground to great level benches and rolling foot-hills. The two great stretches of farming lands in this county are in valleys of the Shields and Yellowstone rivers. The Yellowstone River rises in and alongside the park, runs directly north through the county for over fifty miles, and at Livingston it takes an easterly course and runs through the county in this direction for nearly twenty miles.

The Yellowstone Valley south of Livingston, between what is known as the First and Second canyons, is thirty-five miles long and varies in width from five to twelve miles. All the lands in this area are desirable for either grain,

putting into the Yellowstone offer attractive chances for comfortable ranches, farms, and successful irrigation ditches.

The Yellowstone Valley east of Livingston, in the county, varies in width from one to five miles, and a considerable portion of it is under irrigation. The whole Yellowstone in this county is marvelously sheltered. From the time it leaves the park it is protected on the west by the great Gallatin Range, and on the east by the Absaroka Range. These great mountain chains form a desirable barrier to the winter storms in all directions.

The Shields River Valley is much more extensive in agricultural scope than the Yellowstone. Although not so long, it is broader and more amenable to general cultivation. Shields River rises in the Crazy Mountains and in the southern spurs of the Big Belt Mountains. It

occurred to many people in the great East, that scientific farming in the true sense of the term is only possible when the uncertainty of the rainfall is dispensed with by the farmer's ability to raise the head-gate.

"Our farmers raise on an average thirty-five bushels of wheat, fifty-eight of oats, forty-six of barley, and twenty-three of rye per acre. They raise forty bushels of Canada field pea per acre, and they always expect to raise three crops of alfalfa each year, with a yield of about three and one-half tons per acre. Timothy is also a good crop, but it is not so heavy in proportion as alfalfa, which seems to be in its native element on our bench-lands.

"In the production of vegetables, Montana has no rival. Two hundred and twenty bushels of potatoes to the acre is always expected, and 800 bushels have been raised. Some of our

sheepmen are raising rutabagas for feeding sheep for market, and fifteen tons per acre is an average crop. Sheep eat them without the root having to be cut up. The figures given above were handed the writer by Prof. S. M. Emery, director of the Experiment Station at Bozeman, Mont., who will verify them if they are questioned in good faith."

Fruit in Park County is not wholly unknown; many people have raised apples for years, and it is now well established that all kinds of small fruits grow prolifically there. Indeed, Park County offers more local advantages to the farmer than most counties in Montana. The large local towns make it possible to dispose of nearly every product of the farm in the home market. The annual crop of tourists to the park is ever on the increase, and the appetites of these visitors should be appeased by local products exclusively. The beef, mutton, vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry, game, and fish should be produced by the native residents.

Besides this, the great increase in the output of the coal mines of Park County will add hundreds of robust appetites which should be satisfied with the best materials from the home source; and the precious minerals of the surrounding mountains are just in their infancy of development. The gold, silver, and copper of those scarred hills are yet going to surprise the people of Montana by their vastness, and afford employment to great hosts of men who will pay liberal prices for the fresh edibles of local production. The coal industry has now assumed a new phase; the old coal company operating at Aldridge has been superceded by a New York concern with strong backing, and it is reported to be more than doubling the old capacity, which was one hundred ovens. The Horr and Cokedale mines will in time be operated on a larger scale, and the outlook for the opening up of other extensive properties is very bright. The precious minerals, too, are receiving more attention, and I look forward with a great deal of confidence to a new era of development and prosperity in this direction in Park County. The time is coming when capital will no longer hesitate to seek investment in these rich fields which lie so near.

Apart from these wonderful natural resources, the local market of Livingston today is not half supplied. The town has a population of about thirty-five hundred, and is the county seat. It is the largest repair-shop point on the Northern Pacific between Brainerd and Portland, is headquarters of the Montana division of the Northern Pacific, embracing the Butte branch, the Red Lodge branch and Yellowstone Park branch, and the town receives about thirty thousand dollars a month in pay-rolls from the railroad operations alone. The possibilities for Livingston as an important manufacturing place are in truth quite strong. It is now the recognized distributing center for a broad territory, having many superior advantages in this respect. The Yellowstone River will always give plenty of cheap power. A number of manufacturing enterprises are contemplated, the first of which, a flour-mill, is now in course of completion.

The town is thoroughly modern and progressive in every sense. It is electrically lighted, has a splendid water system, good sewerage, three schoolhouses, a court-house, city hall, a fire department, five churches, and all the advanced equipment of a cultivated social and commercial life. These facts should weigh considerably with intending settlers or with those seeking mining and manufacturing opportunities. If interested parties will look over the field carefully, I am sure they will discover that the chances for success in Park County exceed those in major portions of the West."

ARTFUL COYOTES.

What is a coyote? A coyote is a little animal of the wolf species which inhabits the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. He is about eighteen inches high and long in proportion, and is the embodiment of duplicity. His color is indescribable. He is neither white nor black nor yellow, nor any other well-defined color; but a sort of blending of all, producing a hue that can best be described as "coyote." He is not beautiful either in appearance or character. There is nothing attractive about him. He is not troubled with conscientious scruples; neither is he brave, and he won't fight unless he is compelled to. He is a scrub wolf in every sense of the word.

His physical beauty is about on a par with his moral aspect. He has a little, peaked-shaped head, in the front of which, very close together, is a pair of the brightest, blackest, wickedest little eyes that ever shone in the moonlight.

He does not appear to be possessed of any great amount of brains; but there is more unadulterated cunning wrapped up in his life than can be found in the same amount of space anywhere else in the creation. The man who imagines that a coyote does not understand his business, just because he has not a high forehead, will soon learn that the principles of phrenology do not apply to this epitome of everything that is smart, rascally, tricky, and impudent.

In regard to his ability to get over ground,—in other words, to change his spots, too much cannot be said. It is a great deal like the wind. You cannot tell whence he cometh nor whither he goeth. When he makes up his mind to place a certain amount of space between himself and a given locality, he does not stand on the order of going. He does not run, in the common acceptance of the term, but he suddenly transforms himself into a dimly defined streak of gray light that shimmers across the landscape for an instant and then sinks into oblivion, so far as mortal view is concerned.

He is seldom seen in the daytime. The glare of the sun does not seem to be congenial. He prefers to waltz around among the sage-brush in the soft light of the moon. During the day he is of retiring disposition, and recuperates his exhausted vitality from the previous night's debauch under the friendly shade of a projecting rock, or in the deep seclusion of a clump of quaking asp, away from the busy haunts of men and remote from any trail or road.

The coyote is not choice as to his diet; that is, he can accommodate himself to circumstances. His favorite dish is live jack-rabbit, and a moonlight race between a coyote and a jack-rabbit is an interesting affair. It is conducted on the strictest of business principles, and no time is lost in arranging preliminaries.

There is no hippodroming or selling out in that race; it is a square deal and fair play. If the jack-rabbit comes out ahead, it is a new lease of life for him; if the coyote scores in that inning, it means a thanksgiving dinner for him.

But, fond as he is of jack-rabbit, he will not disdain a luncheon of dead mule when he is playing in hard luck.

Once in a while a hungry coyote will prolong his nightly revels till a comparatively late hour in the morning. In that case he may steal up to the hole of a prairie-dog, before the latter is up, and conceal himself within easy springing distance; and the first time the prairie-dog emerges from his house to take a look at the rising sun, the coyote will pounce upon him and carry him off to a quiet spot, somewhere in the recesses of the foothills, and make a breakfast of him.



GARNET FIELDS.—It is a singular fact that in nearly all placer gold districts an abundance of seed garnets are found. In one Black Hills (S. D.) district it is not uncommon to find a teaspoonful of the little stones as the result of a single panning.

WILD HAZEL-NUTS.—Hazel-nuts are common to nearly all the States of the Northwest, including Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The shaggy little bushes are found in patches, and where they grow it is seldom that any other shrub or tree abound. The meat of these wild nuts is sweet and full of nutriment, and bushels of the product are harvested by men and children every year.

DESTRUCTION OF A FAMOUS MONOLITH.—In 1892 a Washburn, Wis., man quarried a mammoth brownstone monolith for the Wisconsin exhibit at the World's Fair. It was 115 feet long and nine feet square at the base—the largest block of stone ever quarried. The labor alone cost \$5,000. As the State declined to furnish money for its transportation to the fair, the great shaft has reposed in its bed of sand and water ever since. Recently it was sawed into blocks and shipped to Menasha, where it will be used in the construction of a house and barn.

SOME GREAT COPPER MINES.—A syndicate writer says that the largest producer of copper in the world is the Anaconda mine of Montana. It is credited with dividends of only \$6,750,000, but this sum has been paid within a short period, about two years ago, when a stock company was formed. Its shares are selling on the London stock exchange at the rate of about \$30,000,000 for the entire mine. The Boston and Montana is another Montana copper giant, which has paid dividends of \$7,625,000, and on June 30, 1898, its shares were quoted at a figure placing total value of the mine at \$30,750,000.

STORY OF A NORTH DAKOTA CABIN.—In an old sod cabin in plain sight of the Northern Pacific Railway as it reaches across the plains of North Dakota between Bismarck and Medora, there is said to be a grave—the grave of a woman who was killed by Indians during the absence of her husband. It was in the early-settlement period, when life in those places was rough and wild. The husband, returning to his desolate home, buried his wife beneath the earthen floor of the cabin, and went forth a wanderer. Rumor has it that the spot is haunted, and no one has yet manifested a desire to take up a residence in that locality.

KLONDIKE MARKET QUOTATIONS.—It may be more profitable to sell provisions and other supplies in the Klondike than to dig for gold. Here are the latest market quotations: Flour, \$8 to \$10 per sack; bacon, 50 cents per pound; ham, \$1.75 per pound; beans, 30 cents per pound; rice, 35 cents per pound; butter, \$2 per pound; eggs, \$1.50 per case; lard, 75 cents per pound; fresh sausage, \$1.25 per pound; sugar \$1 per pound; condensed milk, \$1.50 per can; lobsters, \$3 per can; syrup, \$3 per gallon; oysters, \$25 per can; oranges, \$1 each; canned meats, \$2 per can; onions, \$1.50 per pound; cigarettes, \$25 per 1,000; whisky, \$50 to \$75 per gallon; coal-oil, \$30 per gallon; shoes, \$13 per pair; gum-boots, \$25; dressed lumber, \$265 per 1,000; rough lumber, \$200 per 1,000; cheap cigars, \$250 per 1,000.



"I decided to reconnoiter a bit prior to making a formal application for accommodations."

THE TRAIL TRAGEDY.

By S. F. Gillespie.

"Not many years ago a remarkably interesting and exciting incident occurred to me that is worth repeating," said a traveling man to a circle of friends in a fashionable hotel in a Western city.

Cigars and refreshments having been partaken of, the traveler began the following thrilling story, which I will attempt to reproduce.

"Representing extensive commercial interests for an Eastern firm," he said, "I was dispatched to a booming mining-camp out in the wilds of Idaho. There being no railroad to this particular section, I was compelled to travel by trail. This alone was of little significance, were it not for the fact that I was intrusted with a large sum of money—\$50,000, in a small package of bills. The bills were of the denomination of \$1,000 each. A member of the firm which I had the honor to represent had previously gone to the camp, had seen a bargain, and had purchased a claim. This money was to pay a part of the contract, and it had been his desire that I should act in the capacity of messenger and bring it to him. He thought this safer than the method then used to transfer money, inasmuch as it was exceedingly dangerous to have it handled by unknown parties.

"Arriving at my destination—that is, as far as the train would carry me toward the camp, I put up at a hotel for the night.

"Though apprehending no danger, I nevertheless determined to act cautiously. My purpose was all right, but subsequent events demonstrated that it was not a wise one.

"The stage was ready to start the next morning early. Not deeming it advisable, I had planned that the stage would be an open invitation to the unscrupulous mountain brigands to levy tribute from the unwary traveler who might be aboard. This act was both wise and unwise, as events proved. Without due premeditation, I wrote a hasty letter to the gentleman who was to be the recipient of the cash in my possession. In this letter I hinted at my treasure-package rolled in the blankets, and said that I would start next day with a couple of pack-horses, and an Indian

guide that had been recommended to me as faithful and trustworthy.

"Accordingly, next morning we began our perilous expedition, your humble servant trying to enact the role of a green prospector on a search for a gulch full of gold.

"A pleasant half-day was spent in viewing the entrancing scenery, but toward sunset the view, although grander and weirder, was not appreciated. At last, weary, dusty, and fatigued, we camped by a brawling mountain stream. The camp-fire threw great shadows on the high cliffs, which appeared, in the awful stillness of the night, like fantastic and demoniacal apparitions.

"Jim, the Indian guide, sat as silent as a stone, now and then giving an 'ugh!' to a passing remark. 'Three days more and then camp,' he grunted, as he rolled over in his blanket in a dreamless slumber, so far as I knew.

"About the middle of the night I was rudely awakened. A stranger was sitting near the camp-fire, and the Indian had disappeared. As I staggered to my feet, I saw that my outer clothing had been removed. Then a dizziness came upon me, and I knew no more for several hours.

"Upon arising, imagine my chagrin to discover that the stranger and my money had both departed. I felt disheartened, of course. To return East and report my loss was to invite legal process; to remain away was to excite suspicion. The only thing to do was to resume my trip alone.

"But it was not long before Providence seemed to come to my assistance. As evening drew near I saw a cabin, far up on the mountain-side. A dull glow of light gave me hope that I might find a lodging-place there, and I headed for it. The weary gait of the horse was painfully slow, however, and it was near midnight when I arrived at the hut. I had abandoned my horse, he it said, and had lost my way—for the light had disappeared, and the black darkness was impenetrable.

"Approaching cautiously,—for I heard muttering voices,—I decided to reconnoiter a bit prior to making a formal application for accommodations.

"Yes, Blackwood, 'twas cursed luck,' said a gruff voice; 'for no sooner did Bill enter the door than I raised my shootin' irons and let drive.'

"He shouldn't have changed his coat. It wasn't your fault that the gun accidently went off. Guess Bill must have put the pizen-weed to the sleeping tenderfoot, fer he got his coat, and the money to boot."

"Poor Bill!" sighed his pard, in a bear-like voice. "He's gone. If the stage-driver hadn't a stole that letter afore it was duly put in the mail-sack, Bill could still hit a bar with his trusty rifle as easy as he could scalp a Blackfoot. Wonder if his spirit will ha'n't the cabin?"

"Guess we'd better pull up stakes and vamoose—afore this leetle job gets to the camp," said the man who had been called Blackwood.

"Yes; the money is behind the cabin, ten steps from the corner, under a rock that looks like a bear in the dark. Curse it! the tenderfoot brought paper money. Why didn't he bring gold? A feller's likely to 'cite s'picion with sich stuff."

"Suffice it to say, I immediately summed up the situation as follows: The stage-driver had abstracted the letter mailed by me and had given it to 'Bill,' who had placed a preparation of wild-weed to my nostrils, causing drowsiness and sickness. For some unexplained reason he exchanged coats, and, arriving at the desolate cabin in my clothing, he was accidentally, or perhaps intentionally, slain by his partner in crime.

"It follows, as a matter of course, that I lost no time in finding the bear-like rock and in recovering my roll of money—its value none the less impaired by the exciting scenes it had undergone. Then I hastened to locate a more congenial community. Fortunately, I found my horse, refreshed somewhat by this time, and in a few days I arrived at the mining-camp.

"My story was the means of starting a party to capture the outlaws. They reached the cabin, but found it deserted. Back of the house, however, old 'Renegade Bill' was found—dead, with a bullet hole in his temple. No traces of the other rascals existed.

"The Indian? Well, it appears that the stage-driver fixed him, and he never was seen in the camp again.

"That was my last trip as a 'trusty,' and I can say in all sincerity that I wouldn't go through another adventure like that for all the gold in Idaho."

A QUEER CAPTURE ON MT. SAINT HELENS.

When the vanguard of the recent Mazama expedition to the summit of Mount St. Helens, Wash., arrived at the top of the mountain they moved some of the fragments of rock to get at the box containing the record of mountain-climbers who had reached the peak. This disturbed a mouse which had his habitation in that desolate spot, and, to escape from the men who were taking such unauthorized liberties with his home, he left the two or three square yards of rock and scampered out over the snow that stretched an unbroken surface away on all sides. There he was easily caught, and Charles H. Sholes, the stenographer, brought the timid creature back to Portland with him.

The mouse took kindly to his new environment, and is reported to be alive and flourishing, not having suffered any appreciable discomfort by the great change in the altitude of his abiding place. The top of the mountain is nearly 10,000 feet above the sea.

The rodent is described as rather large for a wood-mouse, having very large ears and a very long tail, being of the usual mouse color above, and white underneath. He is active and silent, but watchful. He is believed to be of the same kind as the mouse found a few years ago on the top of Mount Hood. His description has been sent to Professor Merriam, who was to have been the biologist of the expedition, but failed to make connections in time. If he shall find the little beast to be a new mountain climber, a special examination will be made into his case, and the mouse may become famous, and have his portrait in the learned books of science.

It is also said that a pine squirrel was seen on the top of the mountain. The squirrel seemed to be well fed and lively, though what he finds to live on there is a mystery. The climate and scenery will suffice for a large degree of satisfaction at that solemn height, but stomachs, even of mice and squirrels, are supposed to require something more than a charming aspect.

A PREACHER KILLS A SHARK.—While at Newport last week, says the Salem (Ore.) Statesman, Rev. G. W. Grannis distinguished himself by catching a shark measuring about five feet in length. The reverend gentleman was strolling along the beach between that city and Nye Creek, accompanied by several of his acquaintances, when he saw some live object struggling in the surf. On further observation he discovered that it was a shark, and, grabbing a piece of driftwood on the bank, he waded into the water and succeeded in killing the big fish.

THE DACHSHUND.

By William Loeffler, with Illustrations of best types from author's Kennel.

What is a dachshund? To the person who is not familiar with the breed he is a short-legged, long-bodied, odd-looking animal subject to endless criticism and caricature; to others he is the embodiment of all good and desirable qualities, such as intelligence, courage, fidelity, endurance, amiability, and passion for the chase, all bunched in a small frame.

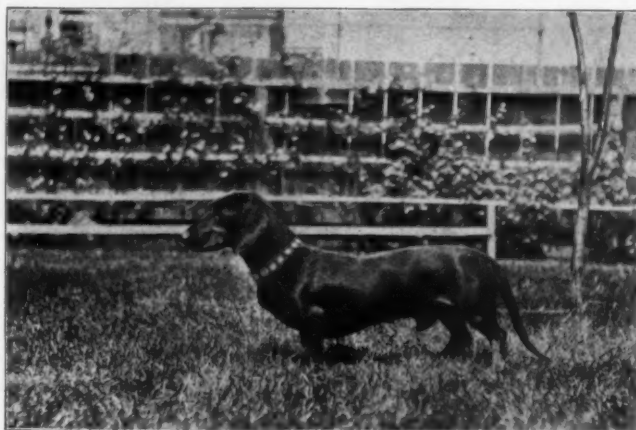
The dachshund (German for badger dog) represents a distinct breed of many centuries' endurance. He is carefully bred, and greatly valued for his unequalled qualities as a hunting companion. Germany is his home. Up to the beginning of this century these dogs were almost exclusively bred by noblemen, and it was almost an impossibility for an outsider to procure a single specimen. But the world turns and things change. Nearly all professional hunters now own a dachshund, and has him as a steady companion in the woods.

Nature has specially fitted this dog to perform his work under-ground. His entire build and shape tell you at a glance that he is intended to hunt badgers, and foxes, and other vermin in their burrows. In well-kept game preserves a steady war is maintained against all worthless rodents, and there is no dog in existence which can be used to better advantage for that purpose. His size enables him to enter a fox or a badger den without difficulty, and being possessed of keenest scenting powers and greatest courage, his work is always crowned with success. He locates game, and if not able to cause a fox to seek safety in flight, thus falling an easy victim to the gun, he or a pair of dogs will corner them so that the hunter can dig them out with pick and spade. A German game-keeper is always willing to work hard for a few hours in order to exterminate a family of foxes or a brood of badgers.

But this work does not alone comprise the

usefulness of a dachshund. He is wanted a great deal for trailing large game, especially wounded deer, and proves himself a perfect success in such work. He follows a trail slowly but unflinchingly for hours, and when he has found his game he will, by his musical tongue, which can be heard a long distance, soon call the hunters to the scene.

These dogs are hunters by instinct, and require no further training. Only give them the opportunity to develop their good qualities by as much practice as can possibly be given them, and the result will be satisfactory. The writer



"CREEPER."

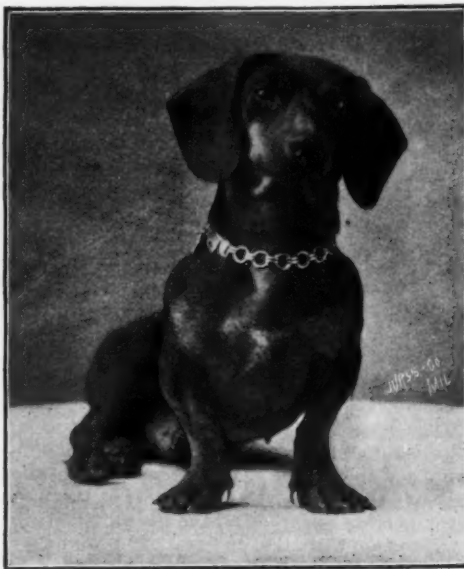
bred many hundreds of them. At present they are a center of attraction at all dog shows, and many fine specimens can be found.

In appearance, with their long head and ears, they almost resemble a hound. The body is unusually long and lithe. At the shoulders they stand about ten inches high; and the chest, which is well developed and wide, showing a highly projecting chest-bone, hangs about four inches from the ground. The tail is carried straight out, and the forelegs are muscular and quite x-shaped, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. The facial expression is a great point, showing the highest degree of intelligence; our dachshund, as a matter of fact, almost talks with his eyes. In weight these dogs run from eighteen to twenty-two pounds; length of body, from nose to end of tail, forty to forty-three inches; color, black and tan, liver and tan, and pure red. Some spotted varieties are in existence, but they are not popular.

We cannot close this article without a special mention of the dachshund's main characteristic—courage. It is simply without a parallel in dogs. He will attack anything that can fight him, and fighting and scrapping is his joy and pleasure. Whatever wears hair, he will tackle, let it be what it may—a racoon, a woodchuck, a mink, a cat, or a wounded deer. Instances are known where a dachshund, managing to jump onto the throat of a wounded deer and having set his teeth therein, hung there while the buck ran a long distance, until finally the deer fell under the effects of the dog's jaws. He will attack a mastiff or a St. Bernard as readily as he will a smaller dog—if he seeks some private entertainment or pastime. Every breeder does his utmost to develop courage in his dogs, for it is justly regarded as the most important point of all.

Doubtless there is a great future for the dachshund in this country, especially in localities where large game is abundant. It certainly will not be long before his good qualities are appreciated by hunters in America as well as they have been for centuries in older Europe.

The subjects of our illustrations are examples of a perfect type imported and owned by William Loeffler of Milwaukee, Wis. All are famous prize-winners. Hundesport's Bergmann (A. K. C. stud book 20268) has been awarded nine first prizes since landing on this side of the Atlantic; while Hexe-Arnstadt (A. K. C. stud book 35754) is a famous winner from Europe and mother of German champions. Creeper and Hundesport's Zaenker are also very typical representatives. All are offsprings of the unquestioned champion of Germany, Hundesport's Waldmann, and are perfect specimens of this noted breed.



"HUNDESPORT'S ZAENKER."

has for many years worked these dogs on rabbits, squirrels, coons, etc., with satisfactory results; they will also tree partridges to perfection.

As a dog for the farm, the dachshund can be highly recommended, as he is always on duty to kill off skunks, mink, woodchucks, rats and mice. As a watchdog or house dog he simply has no equal; the slightest noise will be noticed and warning be given unflinchingly. Tramps will receive about as hearty a welcome from one or a pair of dachshunds as they can ever experience in their peregrinating business. To children they are true friends. In a word, whoever has owned one of these dogs will not be without one if it can be helped.

They were strangers to this country up to about 1870. The first kennel was established in 1879 by the writer, who has since



"HUNDESPORT'S BERGMANN," AND "HEXE-ARNSTADT."



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, OCTOBER, 1898.

CANADIAN RAILWAY ENTERPRISE.

Our Canadian neighbors in the country north of Minnesota are showing a great deal of enterprise in the matter of railway building. We have already spoken of the road just built into the Dauphin District, in the Northwestern part of Manitoba. Now there is to be built a line in the extreme southeastern part of the Province, which will be known as the Ontario, Rainy Lake and Western Railroad. This line will diverge from the Port Arthur and Duluth road about twenty miles west of Port Arthur, and will run up the valley of the Rainy River to a connection at the Manitoba line with the road now building from Winnipeg southeast under Provincial government authority. When the whole line from Winnipeg to Port Arthur is completed, which will be next year, there will be a new route on Canadian soil to compete with the Canadian Pacific for the carriage of the wheat of Manitoba to the lake. This is a purpose which the Greenway government has been steadfastly pursuing for a long time. The new road will open to settlement the fertile Rainy River Valley on both sides of the International boundary. The quickest way of getting to the most northern part of Minnesota will then be to go around through the Dominion.

A BIG LAND SALE.

The Northern Pacific recently sold to the D. S. B. Johnston Company, of St. Paul, over half a million acres of land lying in Northern Minnesota and in the Red River Valley District of North Dakota. This sale disposes of nearly all the tillable lands belonging to the railroad company in the region between the semi-arid belt of North Dakota and the pine forests of Minnesota. The price and the terms of sale have not been made public. The Johnston Company is an old and solid concern, with large experience in dealing in farm-lands. The sale is significant, as showing the increased demand for land in the two States for agricultural settlement. If there were not an active demand for land, the purchasing company

would have shown great imprudence in making the deal. It agrees to sell the land in small tracts at figures not exceeding the list prices of the Northern Pacific, and it can only make a profit by rapidly disposing of the property. If it is compelled to hold the lands for a term of years, the taxes will eat up all the profits and leave a deficit. This is the weak spot in all schemes for buying large tracts of railroad land and retailing them in small lots. The land brings in no income to the holder, and is a constant drain for taxes. A number of companies were formed back in the eighties for doing just what the Johnston Company now intends to do; but they all failed, because they were not able to make quick sales. Immigration fell off, and for several years there was hardly any demand for land. Conditions are very different now, however. A constantly increasing tide of new settlers is flowing into the Northwest, and all land agencies report large sales and a very brisk inquiry for land that can be converted into farms.

PANAMA CANAL PROJECT REVIVED.

Our readers on the Pacific Coast will be glad to learn that they are not going to be wholly dependent upon the action of Congress in subsidizing the Nicaragua Canal Company for a water-way to the Pacific Coast. News comes from Paris to the effect that the Panama Canal is now in the hands of a new company composed of some of the strongest bankers and other financiers in France. This new company has succeeded to all the rights and property of the old De Lesseps Company, and has ample funds and credit for prosecuting the work on the Isthmus. It has, in fact, today nearly three thousand men at work in excavating between Colon and Panama, and it is going forward with all possible expedition to finish the canal. The managers of the new company, it appears, have purposely kept their plans from the public, for the reason that they wanted to fully satisfy themselves, by the reports of the best engineering talent, of all the essential facts in connection with the undertaking before they put their plan into print.

These gentlemen are persons of the highest position in the commercial and financial circles of France, and they cannot afford to be identified with any enterprise which is not sure of success. After obtaining legal title to the works and other assets of the old company, they first proceeded to secure from the Columbian Government a renewal of the concession to De Lesseps, which carries forward for eight years longer the time allowed for completing the canal. Then they sent two competent engineering commissions to the Isthmus to make a re-study of the whole undertaking. These two commissions, working independently, agreed as to the value of the work already done, the cost of that yet to be done, and the time required to finish the canal. To further strengthen itself, the new company has recently organized an International Technical Commission, composed of men of the first reputation in engineering circles in France, Germany, England, Russia, and the United States. This commission has made the most thorough examination of all the engineering problems and difficulties connected with the canal, and has presented a new plan of construction which abandons the old sea-level plan of De Lesseps and provides four to six locks on each side of the Summit Divide. The commission has also overcome the difficulty caused by the caving in of the deep Culebra Cut, about midway of the route, by providing an efficient system of drainage—which was wholly neglected by the old management—and by experimental boring and tunnelling, which demonstrates that

the deeper strata through which the cut must be excavated is composed of hard material which will not cave in. The commission has further solved the problem of how to control the damaging floods in the Chagres River, which have been a menace to all the work done on the Atlantic side of the divide. They propose to form a great artificial lake to hold the flood-waters of the river, and to use these waters to feed the locks and to develop hydraulic power for working the locks and lighting the canal at night. The estimates of the Technical Commission show that the Panama Canal is actually more than one-third completed, and that it can be finished, in not to exceed eight years, for \$100,000,000. One hundred and twenty-five millions have already been expended.

The Nicaragua Canal will cost at least \$140,000,000, and no work has been done upon it beyond making mere engineering reconnaissances. It has not even been thoroughly examined by any competent engineering talent. No matter whether our Government undertakes to build this canal or not, the Frenchmen are going ahead with their canal at Panama, and it will no doubt be finished and in actual use long before any substantial beginning has been made on the Nicaragua route. It is only forty-six miles long, whereas the Nicaragua route is 144 miles long. It has good natural harbors at both ends, whereas the Nicaragua Canal has none—the harbor at Greytown, at the mouth of San Juan River, having filled up with sand in recent years, so that no sea-going vessels can get into it. The new Panama Canal asks no subsidy from the American Government, and proposes to make its canal just as serviceable to this Government for the passage of war ships as would be one constructed by the Government itself on the Nicaragua route.

In view of these facts, we think it safe to predict that in eight years ships loaded with the wheat of California, Oregon, and Washington, and with the lumber of Puget Sound, will pass through the Panama Canal on their way to the ports of our Atlantic seaboard and of Europe. It is of no great importance who furnishes the money for the isthmian canal, if one is built with all possible speed. English and German money has built our transcontinental railroads, and we need not worry at all at the enterprise of the Frenchmen in determining to build a ship canal without any assistance from our Government and without any relations with any other government.

HOLD THE PHILIPPINES.

The almost unanimous sentiment of the people of our Pacific Coast States is that in the final treaty with Spain provision should be made for ceding the entire Philippine archipelago to the United States. The people of that part of our country which fronts upon the Pacific believe that the great growth of commerce in the future is going to be upon that ocean and in the countries which surround it. Among those countries the United States is the only one which possesses a high degree of civilization and a highly developed industrial life. We alone can build steamships and locomotives and make steel and iron, tools, and cotton goods. We are in a position to supply the daily wants of the millions of people, in Asia and Oceanica, who are not capable of making for themselves the things they need. Our ships have but one ocean to cross to reach the ports of Asia, whereas those of our competitor nations in Europe must cross two. Our advantages for trade with the Asiatics are far greater than those of England, Germany, or Russia. The influence of a great Pacific commerce upon our Pacific Coast States would be

very beneficial. The ships engaged in that commerce would sail from San Francisco and from the ports of Puget Sound and the Columbia River. Many new lines of manufacturing would be established in Washington, Oregon, and California. In time the entire wheat surplus of those States would be made into flour and find a market in the lands across the Pacific instead of being shipped, as now, around Cape Horn to Europe to compete with the wheat of Minnesota and the Dakotas.

The present obstacle to the progress of our Pacific Coast communities, lies in the fact that they are separated from the densely peopled regions of the country in the Mississippi Valley in the East by more than a thousand miles of deserts and mountains, across which the rail haul is necessarily expensive. It costs less to ship a barrel of flour from Portland to Hong Kong or Manila than to send it by rail to Chicago. We want the Philippines, not only for the trade of their eight millions of inhabitants, but as a depot and commercial outpost from which we can reach forward for the immense business of China. We want them as an aid in building up a commerce on the Pacific Ocean which shall more than double the population and more than quadruple the wealth of our own Pacific Coast States.

IRRIGATION CONGRESSES.

Once a year a National Irrigation Congress is held in some Western city. The last one met at Cheyenne in August, and was pretty well attended by delegates from States in the arid region. These meetings are no doubt useful for diffusing information concerning processes and methods of irrigation and results in the way of crops, but they all pursue an unattainable ideal in making demands for appropriations from Congress to build reservoirs and canals. They want Congress to take the money of all the people and spend it for the benefit of a few localities in the Far West. Congress will never do this, for the reason that the farmer constituents of most of the members are already suffering from the competition of the cheap lands of the West, and have no desire that large areas of desert soil shall be made productive. Farm-lands in the old dairy counties of New York are now worth only half the prices they used to command, because Eastern markets are flooded with dairy products shipped from the cheap lands of Iowa and Minnesota. Just as much butter can be made on an Iowa farm that costs fifteen dollars an acre as on an Orange County, New York, farm that used to be worth one hundred and is now worth less than fifty dollars an acre. Why should the Eastern Congressman vote money from the Treasury to turn millions of acres of desert into productive farms, the products from which would compete with those of the farms in his own district?

The practical and reasonable course for promoters of irrigation to take, is to give up all schemes for Congressional appropriations and labor to persuade Congress to give the whole body of arid lands to the States wherein they are located. These States can deal with the irrigation problem, and can use the land as a basis of credit to raise money for the building of canals. The Carey Law, which gave a million acres to each arid State, was a move in the right direction and should now be made sweeping and comprehensive. The desert lands are of no value to Uncle Sam, but they can be made of great value to the States in which they lie. To keep them and do nothing with them would be a dog-in-the-manger policy. Better give them away to the States whose people know what can best be done with them and how best to do it.



I MET in New York lately Mr. James E. Yorke, who about a dozen years ago constructed a charcoal iron-furnace at Ashland, Wisconsin, and was afterward quite prominent in advocating the merits of Duluth as a future iron-manufacturing center. Mr. Yorke told me that he is now engaged in shipping iron ore from Venezuela to Europe for a company in which Mr. Donald Grant and other Faribault men are interested. The iron range extends from the coast about fifty miles inland, and the ore is of Bessemer quality and contains about sixty-eight per cent of metal. It is a curious fact that the length of this iron range is almost exactly the same as that of the ranges in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The ore is shipped to England, France, and Holland, where it comes into competition with the inferior ores from Bilbao, Spain. Mr. Yorke regards the new enterprise as rather the best iron proposition with which he is acquainted, and as he has been in the business all his life, he probably knows as much about iron ore as anybody.

THE announcement that Mr. J. J. Hill has joined Phil Armour and Marshall Field of Chicago in acquiring a considerable interest in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and that he is going to have a good deal of control over its management, leads to much speculative talk in the Northwest. At first it was supposed that Mr. Hill's plan contemplated the creation of a great trunk line between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and that he meant to use the Chicago Great Western system as the connecting link between the Great Northern and the B. & O. It is now denied, however, that any through line under one management is in view, and it seems that the purpose of inviting Mr. Hill into the reorganized B. & O. was to secure his services as an expert railway manager. That these services will be of great value to the old Baltimore company there can be no doubt. The B. & O. was formerly managed as a family affair by the Garretts. The ideas of the management were old-fashioned and non-progressive, if not absolutely stupid and obsolete; and the road, which ought to be a splendid property, ran down from year to year and suffered greatly from the enterprise of more wide-awake and active rivals. If Mr. Hill is allowed to have his way with it, the B. & O. will soon become one of the best earning properties in the country.

THE earnings of a railroad are a pretty accurate index of the business conditions prevailing in the country along its lines, and if the road runs through a number of States and through regions where a great variety of industries are carried on, the earnings statements show the general condition of the people throughout the country. No railroad can be prosperous unless the people who use it are prosperous. Judged by this standard, the people of the Northwest must now be in a condition of very satisfactory prosperity; for their leading railroad, the Northern Pacific, makes a remarkably good showing of earnings for the fiscal year ending June 30. The gross earnings

were \$23,678,718, the operating expenses were \$11,095,370, and the net earnings were \$12,583,348. Interest on the bonded debt was \$6,079,160, dividends on the preferred stock, including the dividend of Sept. 6, 1898, amounted to \$3,000,000, and there was a surplus of \$2,897,874 which was available for a dividend on the common stock, but which the directors have chosen to put into a fund for insuring continuous dividends on the preferred stock in case the earnings should fall off in future years. Added to the surplus of last year, that of the year just closed makes the amount of cash in the hands of the company, after paying all interest and dividends on the preferred stock, \$3,187,703. If anyone had predicted a few years ago, when this company was in the depths of bankruptcy and despair, that within five years it would be in a position to pay a dividend upon its common stock, he would have been looked upon as a very wild prophet. The change is due in part to the wise plan of reorganization, and in part to the recuperation of business in six Northwestern States.

♦ ♦ ♦

A FEW days ago, while in New York, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Philip Weare of Chicago, who is manager of one of the big trading, mining and transportation companies now operating in Alaska. Mr. Weare spent the whole of last summer on the Yukon, and came back enthusiastic about the wealth-producing capacity of that region. He is going to put additional steamers on the river next year, and is arranging for a number of new mining enterprises. He says there is now an ample stock of provisions in the country to carry the whole population through the coming winter. He estimates the number who will winter in the various mining-camps this season at thirty-two thousand. He said, further, that in addition to the gold resources, which are hardly touched as yet, there is both coal and copper in the country. He saw chunks of pure copper as large as a bank ledger, and he located a coal-mine with a sixty-foot vein of good bituminous coal. I was also informed that the past season's output of gold aggregated about fourteen millions of dollars, and that these figures will be greatly increased next year. The mining has thus far been done only in the most crude and wasteful way, and he thinks that after the placer-miners have worked out their ground by their own primitive methods there will still be more gold left than they took out, and a great deal of money will be made in buying the worked-out claims and working them over with good hydraulic methods. Mr. Weare is confident that the next ten years will show a greater development in Alaska than took place in Minnesota and the two Dakotas during the ten years of the greatest progress of those States. His new boats will make the run from the mouth of the Yukon to Dawson in six days, and he is building a powerful steamer that will push one thousand tons of freight up the river on two barges. He believes that he will soon be able to furnish flour in Dawson for three dollars a sack, and that high prices for food in the Klondike Country will soon be a memory of the past.

♦ ♦ ♦

MINNESOTA MOOSE.—Minnesota State laws are very effective in preserving big game from indiscriminate slaughter. Not long ago a large bull moose went bellowing through the streets of Graceland, disturbing the peaceful slumbers of the residents of that pretty town. The *Enterprise*, published there, says that moose tear down fences, root up gardens, break shade trees, and make nights hideous. It is of the opinion that moose are multiplying too rapidly and need thinning-out.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

EVOLUTION IN SHOE MANUFACTURING.

The gracefulness, neatness, and solidity of the shoes worn by the people of the Northwest States can be traced directly to the great factories in which they are designed and manufactured. It is now admitted that this footwear is equal in every respect to the very best and most stylish that can be turned out by the Eastern factories, which used to monopolize the business about twenty years ago.

superior lines. All Northwestern dealers know that the F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Company's goods wear just as well as they look, which is saying a good deal; and the stock is so large and varied that complete assortments of medium and higher priced goods can be selected from this one establishment, thus doing away with the necessity of going to other markets in order to sort up on the different grades needed.

WHAT WE RIDE IN TODAY.

The changes that have taken place in carriage making are comparable to those that may be traced since the first steam locomotive ran its slow course over the iron rails in the Empire State. Stately and satisfactory as the old-time vehicles were in the days of our forefathers, they would rub up against our pride sorely were we compelled to restore them to our streets and thoroughfares today. Little by

In recent years a great forward movement has been noticeable among makers of conveyances, many of whom have put upon the market some fine examples of their skill and taste; but it remained for a Twin City company to invent certain improvements in wheels and gearing which have made its vehicles so popular that they are sought for by buyers everywhere. Reference is had to the H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company, whose extensive carriage plant is located at Minnesota Transfer, a point just between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Only the celebrated "Muckle" wheels are used, wheels which are now standard throughout the Northwest. Then there is the "Muckle" full-swing gear, and a dozen other improvements which render the Muckle vehicles markedly superior to the host of cheap and unreliable goods so frequently seen. Rubber tires are used whenever wanted. The Imperial Ball-Bearing

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO.
Wholesale Manufacturers.

FACTORY NO. 1 (left building) COR. 7th and Walnut Streets.
FOR LADIES' MISSES' & CHILDREN'S SHOES.

FACTORY NO. 2 (middle building) COR. 1st and Elm Streets.
FOR MEN'S BOYS & YOUTHS SHOES.

STORE, OFFICE & SALESROOMS (right building) COR. E. WATER & HUDON STS.

WALWORTH (circular logo) F. MAYER B. & S. CO. TOM MAYER

WE manufacture the celebrated "MILWAUKEE CUSTOM-MADE" BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS in all grades and styles, and in all sizes and widths. If in want of something reliable in footwear you ought to handle our goods. We make a specialty of LADIES' and MEN'S FINE SHOES and LADIES' OXFORDS, and have the reputation of making the best OIL GRAIN and KANGAROO CALF GOODS in the country. Try them.

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO., Wholesale Manufacturers, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Some of the largest makers of fine Western goods do business in Milwaukee, where marked advantages are derived from the big tanneries and leather factories that are located there. Among the most extensive manufacturers of men's, ladies', misses' and children's foot covering in the Cream City is the old and well-known house of the F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Company, whose offices and salesrooms are at 230-232 East Water Street. Mayer & Company have been wholesale manufacturers of high-grade boots and shoes for nearly eighteen years. Growth of business has compelled them to move into larger quarters repeatedly, and no one will be surprised if they are forced to enlarge their facilities again in the near future. Good times, and the ever-growing reputation of their goods, are bringing to them an unprecedented volume of orders—so steady and strong that their big factories are rushed every day.

Mayer's "school shoes," and Mayer's fine dress shoes for men and elegant styles for ladies, are justly regarded as leaders by all retailers. They have a shapeliness—a finish—a wearing quality which commend them to all lovers of perfect footwear. In heavier goods, such as lumbermen, loggers, miners, and farmers require, this company manufactures very popular and

little the lumbering old coaches and the awkwardly-made wagons were improved upon. The styles became varied, and comfort and elegance began to be studied. So the years fled, until finally it seemed as if further improvement could not be made. But people were mistaken. Surries, phaetons, landaus, and other graceful and convenient new styles were placed on the market; and still improvement was the order of the day. Through all these changes the great aim was to combine grace with utility—to combine strength with lightness. Carriage manufacturers vied with one another to produce vehicles which would not exhaust a horse to pull it, and which would not wear a person out to ride in it.

Axles used by the company are also prominent features in the construction of these high-grade Muckle products. Lightness, strength, beauty—all these qualities are found to perfection in the buggies, surreys, phaetons, carriages, delivery-wagons, etc., manufactured in this Minnesota factory.

That this Western concern, making Western goods for Western people, is not laboring without reward, is shown by the great number of orders received by it every month. People appreciate the fact that every bit of the material which goes into a Muckle vehicle is the best and most desirable that skill and money can provide. The company employs no agents and no traveling salesmen. It sells its goods



PLANT OF H. A. MUCKLE MANUFACTURING CO., MAKERS OF WESTERN VEHICLES FOR WESTERN USE, MIDWAY BETWEEN TWIN CITIES.

direct to consumers. An illustrated catalogue is sent to those that desire one, so that a selection can be made just as well as though the buyer visited the warerooms of the factory—though it would please the company very much to receive the visit. Orders come from all parts of the West and Northwest. "Use a Muckle vehicle once," a North Dakota man said recently, "and you will never care to buy any other make." It is because the Muckle goods are honestly made—splendidly made, goods, although sold at prices which place them within the reach of everybody.

A NORTHWEST SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.

Many of the most successful business men in the Northwest owe their steady advancement to training received in a reliably practical commercial school, such as The Minnesota School of Business at No. 54 South Third Street, Minneapolis. This excellent school, of which Messrs. Rickard & Gruman are proprietors, was established twenty-one years ago. Over 5,000 young men and women have left its halls to carry its teachings and principles into successful business careers. The school home is itself perfect in construction. It is well-heated and ventilated, has closets, lavatories and all modern conveniences, and is centrally located. Everything which one needs to know of business rules and matters is taught thoroughly, including shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, and so on. Send for a catalogue and learn how reasonable the terms are.

A MODERN BUSINESS FAD.

Few people have any idea of the vast amount of goods that is being shipped by freight, express, and mail direct to the farmer and the home, and few people have any idea how easy the great mail-order houses have made buying at wholesale, and how great are the inducements they offer to secure orders. The catalogues issued and sent to any address by these big concerns, such as that mailed by Sears, Roebuck & Company of Chicago, for instance, are department stores condensed, so that one can sit down at one's desk or table, in one's own home, and select just such goods as are needed; and everything is made so plain by large, handsome, clear illustrations, plainly written descriptions, and prices in plain figures, that everyone can order by mail as easily and as safely as by word of mouth. There is a vast variety to select from, and such very low prices that it certainly is not strange that these big establishments are attracting the attention of buyers everywhere and in every walk of life.

The catalogue issued by the particular firm named above contains 1,120 pages. It weighs nearly four pounds, and it costs nearly thirty cents in postage to send it through the mails, although it is sent to those ordering it on receipt of fifteen cents.

We are informed that it required seventy carloads of paper to print this catalogue, fifty large printing-presses running night and day on this job alone. It is said that it has cost \$150,000 in postage-stamps to mail them, so numerous have been the orders for them from all parts of the country.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W.A. Noyes, 520 Powers' Bldg, Rochester, N.Y.



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ON YOU!

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Designing

and

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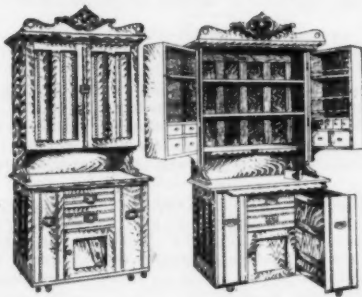
We are not coming after you with a gun, but if you are alive to your own best interests you will call on us when in need of engravings of any kind. See our samples. Get our prices. It won't pay you to patronize "Cheap John" shops. It's penny wise and pound foolish, as you will find to your cost. *Nothing attracts so much attention as a good cut.*

We make WOOD CUTS, ZINC ETCHINGS, HALF-TONES, ELECTROTYPES, Get up DESIGNS for any class of work—make EMBOSSED PLATES, COLOR PLATES—*Everything!*

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For sale by all furniture dealers at \$20. If your local dealer does not have it in stock ask him to order it. Our descriptive circulars can be had at your local furniture store.

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A CALENDAR WATCH

The wonder of the nineteenth century. Stem-wind and stem-set. A perfect Calendar Watch. It works automatically, giving the time of the day to the second, day of the week, date of the month, month of the year, and all changes of the moon. It is self-acting, making all changes at midnight. The movement is of nickel, highly jeweled, has luminous decorated sunk dial, composition hands, and is a fine piece of workmanship, embodying all the recent improvements in the art of watchmaking, and is guaranteed an accurate timekeeper. The cases are open face, full size, black oxidized steel, with 14k gold-filled pendant, bow and crown, making a very handsome timepiece.

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SOFTENED WITH
SORE EYES DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



Wisconsin's cranberry crop this year is estimated at 18,000 barrels.

A new brick schoolhouse for Marshfield will cost not less than \$20,000.

Warren's three-story flour-mill will soon be ready for the machinery.

Latest reports state that a new hotel is being built in West Superior at a cost of \$100,000.

The value of all property in Sheboygan County, according to figures furnished by the county clerk, is \$18,991,202.

One hundred and thirty-eight building permits were issued in Milwaukee during August, 1898, for buildings to cost \$398,353.

It is said that the Lashin & Rand Company's powder-mill at Plattville, Iowa, will be removed to Kenosha. The enterprise will cost about \$250,000.

The Northern Wisconsin State Fair, held in Chippewa Falls from Sept. 13 to Sept. 17 inclusive, was a grand success. It is estimated that 15,000 to 20,000 strangers attended.

It is reported that Eastern parties contemplate the construction of an electric line between Black River Falls and La Crosse, and that they also wish to purchase a large tract of land along the road upon which to raise sugar-cane. The project will receive serious consideration from the communities interested.

Minnesota.

A new 150-barrel flour-mill will be erected at Stillwater.

Nicollet expects to have a 200-barrel flour-mill in the near future.

A circular steel elevator of 50,000-bushel capacity is being put up in Faribault.

It is probable that a saw-mill will be established at Koochiching with a capacity of 15,000,000 feet annually.

Atwater's energetic people are feeling good over a new \$10,000 schoolhouse and a recently constructed \$100,000 flour-mill.

The beet-sugar plant at Minneapolis is about completed—at a cost of a quarter-million dollars—and will be in operation next month.

There is considerable talk to the effect that the Great Northern Railway Company will rebuild the Hotel Lafayette on a smaller scale at Lake Minnetonka, and also erect a summer hotel at Minnesota Point in Duluth harbor.

The *Morris Tribune* says that the growth of that town this year has been phenomenal and would do credit to a much larger city. The village has experienced a larger increase than ever before in its existence, yet the growth has been warranted and has not been of the boom nature.

A large block of Red Lake Reservation land was opened to settlement and entry on October 5. About 335,000 acres are in the Crookston District and 32,000 in the Duluth District. The bulk of the lands in the former district are south of Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake River. Twenty-seven new townships will be thrown open, together with several thousand acres which were formerly classed as pine lands. The latter are scattered over the area of that part of the reservation which was opened May 15, 1898.

William Ward, of Biwabik, formerly manager for the Lyle Mining Company, at Rainy Lake, is convinced that he has made a valuable discovery of copper on Hunter's Island. From a prospect hole four feet deep, some samples of ore were taken and sent to a reliable assay office, and the assayer's report showed that it averaged \$64 to the ton in copper and \$42 in silver. Mr. Ward says that it is his intention to proceed at once to develop the property, his Milwaukee associates furnishing the necessary capital.

North Dakota.

The Grandin farm, at Mayville, expects to yield 100,000 bushels of wheat. There are 4,500 acres of wheat on the farm.

The Grand Forks Street Fair was held October 5, 6 and 7, and was largely attended by visitors from Minnesota and Manitoba. It was a decided success.

Small State banks are springing up all over North Dakota. Davenport, Cass County, has a new one, and others are reported from various parts of the State.

Large shipments of cattle are being made from Dickinson. One cattle company at that place has been shipping 1,000 head a week, and will ship at the same rate through this month.

One of Grand Forks' new wholesale grocery buildings, now contracted for, will be 96x126 feet in dimensions and three stories and basement in height. It will have steam heat, two elevators, vaults, and be modern throughout.

Sheldon's fine \$8,000 school building is now ready for occupancy. The *Progress* speaks of it as an imposing structure which elicits many expressions of admiration from residents and visitors. Sheldon is one of the most progressive towns in the State.

Bismarck is rebuilding the burned district rapidly. Six new brick rows will be completed before snow falls, and the First National Bank building will be completed in a few weeks. The Eppinger block, to cost \$15,000 to \$20,000, will also be under way soon.

Fargo has contracted for forty-eight blocks of new paving and a lot of new sewerage. These improvements will cost about \$100,000. It is also reported that a new \$50,000 hotel will be built there, to contain 130 rooms, steam heat, gas and electric lights, and all modern conveniences. The *Forum* regards the hotel as a sure thing.

South Dakota.

The State Fair was held at Yankton Sept. 26 to 30, and was well attended.

Yankton may soon have a big brewery. The place is improving right along.

Aberdeen's Interstate Grain Palace Exposition, named for October 3 to October 8, promises to be a grand success.

It is rumored that the Great Northern will at once grade and complete the proposed Aberdeen, Pierre & Black Hills road to Deadwood.

Copper deposits in the Custer Peak District of the Southern Black Hills are said to be making a fine showing. Surface ore shows twenty-four per cent copper, which equal 480 pounds copper per ton of rock.

The Hawkeye Mining Company has bought the Pluma Company's property at sheriff's sale for \$30,000. A twenty-stamp mill, eight claims, and two water-rights are in the sale. The Hawkeye Company now ranks next to the Homestake in value of free-milling property in the Black Hills.

According to the *Rapid City (S. D.) Journal*, "the recent discovery of silicious ore within two miles of Custer City (Black Hills) will do much to bring the mines of the Southern Hills into prominence with Eastern capitalists, who have been led to believe that the silicious ore body was confined to the Ruby Basin and Bald Mountain sections alone. The Southern Hills has all along offered a most promising field for capitalists, and with the discovery of this ore there will be more capital invested in this section this year than ever before in the history of the country."

The Holy Terror mine at Keystone, in the Black Hills, has paid \$9,000 monthly dividends regularly for the past twelve months. There are 300,000 shares, of a par value of \$1, and the monthly dividend is therefore three cents a share. At this rate the aggregate dividends will soon exceed the company's capitalization. Homestake stock is quoted at \$67 per share, the par value being \$100. The monthly dividend is \$62,500. The Golden Reward, and the Deadwood-Terra Company are also dividend payers. The total dividends paid by the Homestake, Highland and Deadwood-Terra, associate companies, operated virtually under one head, and much of the stock owned by the same men, amount to \$11,985,968, the combined capital stock of the three companies being \$27,500,000.

Montana.

Butte's new schoolhouse will cost about \$30,000.

Helena capitalists are drilling for oil twenty-five miles west of Red Lodge. The different strata reached thus far indicate strongly that oil is unlimited

quantity underlies the surface. The formation is said to greatly resemble that of the Pennsylvania oil-fields.

A new business block is among the latest enterprises in Neilhart.

Masons and Odd Fellows are erecting a union lodge building in Anaconda at a cost of \$20,000.

It seems to be an assured fact that a large paper-mill will be established at Manhattan in the Gallatin Valley.

It is proposed to erect a sixty-room hotel and numerous cottages at Twin Bridges at a cost of \$50,000. Butte capitalists are interested.

The Chalmers artesian well near Choteau is increasing its flow steadily. It now fills a forty-two gallon barrel in twenty-seven seconds.

The stone-quarries near Billings are furnishing material for the new Deer Lodge court-house, now in course of erection at Anaconda.

Livingston reports state that a concentrating plant will be constructed at Crevasse, to use the dry concentrating process. The machinery is ordered.

From all parts of Montana come the most encouraging reports as to the prospective development of mines. An era of enterprise is promised the industry. So says the *Butte Western Mining World*.

The *Bitter Root Times*, published in Hamilton, says that the new flouring-mill now in course of construction there will certainly prove one of Hamilton's most valuable enterprises and be a structure that will prove an attraction and credit to the town. Its capacity is placed at 100 barrels per day, and the cost will be in the neighborhood of \$15,000.

A big water ditch, sixteen miles long, is about ready for irrigation purposes on the Bitter Root stock-farm of Marcus Daly. It will carry enough water to irrigate about 10,000 acres of land, or all the lands of the Daly estate which lie in the valley. It is said that over 4,000,000 feet of lumber was used in the construction of flumes to carry the water across gulches and dry runs on the route to the water ditch, which hugs the foothills of the valley at the beginning and then creeps around the side of the bench-land to the distributing point, from whence the water is conveyed into smaller ditches for distribution over the farm lands in the valley. A second ditch for the same property will be nine miles long, three and one-half feet deep and seven feet wide. It will tap the Skalkaho Creek and traverse around among the hills until it reaches the bench-lands just above the low-lands of the valley of the Bitter Root stock-farm. Like the other ditch, it is for irrigating purposes and will bring into cultivation many thousand acres of the best fruit-lands in the Bitter Root Valley.

Idaho.

It is said that the O. R. & N. Company has decided to put a new steamer on the Snake River route.

From now on the prune industry must assume greater proportions in Idaho year by year. There are, within a radius of seven miles from Kendrick, 2,000 acres of prunes, an acreage which is increasing rapidly.

There is a good deal of activity in Lewiston since the Northern Pacific Railway built to the town. A Commercial Club of 120 members has been organized, and renewed efforts will be made to promote all local and State interests in that section.

If reports are trustworthy, the Northern Pacific Railway Company is now at work building the Nine-Mile branch to a point in East Nine-Mile, near the old Custer mill. This Nine-Mile road will be of great benefit to Wallace and the mining industry in that region.

It has been definitely announced that the work of construction on the Snake River bridge at Lewiston would begin October 1. The specifications call for a bridge 1,685 feet long, fifty-six feet above high-water mark over the navigable channel. This channel will be crossed by a cantilever span 374 feet in the clear. There will be twelve spans. The estimated cost of the bridge is \$30,000.

The *Lewiston Teller* says that the yield of wheat in the Lewiston Valley this year is over 1,000,000 bushels. "In the district between the Snake River and Lapwai Creek over 400,000 bushels is reported as already threshed. Between Lapwai and Cottonwood Creek the crop is estimated at 500,000 bushels. This is more than double the output of any other year in the history of the country. Over 1,000,000 bushels of wheat will be marketed in Lewiston and at the tributary shipping-

points on the river and railroad within ten miles of Lewiston. It is safe to say that no other equally small area in the world will produce in 1898 1,000,000 bushels of wheat."

Oregon.

Baker City's new opera-house will cost \$15,000.

The value of the State's woolclip for 1898 is estimated at \$3,000,000.

A conservative estimate places the Oregon wheat crop at 22,000,000 bushels.

A cargo of 1,700,000 feet of lumber for the Siberian railway at Vladivostok left Astoria recently.

The Oregon Industrial Exposition, at Portland, open Sept. 22 to Oct. 22, attracted many visitors.

A Portland factory is at work on a Government order for 18,000 boxes of crackers, sealed in tin, for the Philippines.

A new bank with a capital stock of \$150,000 has opened at Lakeview. It will be known as the Bank of Lakeview.

It is said that there is not a vacant house or store building in Heppner. Such is the demand for residences and places of business that several new buildings have been going up to supply it.

Two young men named Lathrop gathered nearly nine and one-half tons of chittam bark in Lincoln County this year. They received between \$450 and \$550 for the bark. Indians on the Siletz Reservation have sold \$2,100 worth of the bark this year.

Oregon has had so prosperous a year that great impetus will be given to farming and business interests generally. New mills will be constructed, new stores are being built in scores of towns, and over the entire State is talk of improvement and advancement along all industrial and commercial lines.

The Athena Press says that that county (Umatilla) produced 3,500,000 to 5,000,000 bushels of wheat this year. William Rigby raised 35,000 bushels of wheat from 1,400 acres, and about 5,500 bushels of barley. T. J. Kirk raised between 55,000 and 60,000 bushels of first-class grain, to dispose of this year, on his big ranch. His wheat yielded well, and his crop of barley was immense.

Washington.

The Everett smelter has received an order for lead from the Japanese Government aggregating 1,000,000 pounds.

The Washington hop crop this year is pronounced better and larger than it has been for a number of seasons.

It is thought that at least one billion feet of Washington timber will be converted into lumber and shingles this year.

The Griffin Wheel Company of South Tacoma is in receipt of an additional order for 150 car-wheels for the Skagway Railroad in Alaska.

A Tacoma firm has received an order from South Africa for 5,000 cedar doors, said to be the largest door order ever placed on the Pacific Coast.

The Great Northern Railway Company is making extensive harbor improvements in Seattle, at an aggregate expenditure of about \$2,000,000.

The Bellingham Bay Improvement Company, of Whatcom, recently went before the city council with a statement showing that it had paid out in that city \$3,600,000.

The Republic mine of Republic, on the Colville Reservation, has declared a dividend of \$30,000, and the management says that it will be able to declare dividends every month.

The Capital Box Company's factory, near Tacoma, has just completed 1,500,000 small fruit-baskets for California. A California order for 73,000,000 baskets of one kind and 4,000,000 of another is being figured on.

The Centennial flour-mill at Seattle has doubled its capacity and now turns out 1,500 barrels of flour daily. The company has closed a contract for the sale of 28,000 barrels of flour to the Russo-Chinese bank for shipment to Vladivostok.

"Garfield is not large in point of population," the Enterprise of that place says, "but there are few towns in Washington that transact a volume of business so out of all proportion to their size as this same Garfield, where large additions have been built to the

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grain warehouses until it is asserted, by those in the best position to know, that we now have the largest storage-cleaning capacity of any town in the State this side of tide-water."

During 1898, from January to September, the rail shipments of lumber and shingles from Tacoma were as follows: The Great Northern Railway carried 1,483 car-loads of lumber and 4,019 car-loads of shingles, the Canadian Pacific 225 cars of lumber and 2,443 cars of shingles, and the Northern Pacific 5,757 cars of lumber and 6,485 car-loads of shingles—a total of 7,465 car-loads of lumber and 12,947 car-loads of shingles. This aggregates 119,440,000 feet of lumber and 2,071,520,000 shingles, as against 80,672,000 feet of lumber and 1,939,840,000 shingles in 1897. Our figures are taken from the Tacoma West Coast Lumberman.

Canadian Northwest.

The work of surveying the line of the Ontario & Rainy River to Rainy Lake has begun.

It is expected that the Le Roi mine in the Rossland District will pay a dividend within the next few weeks.

It is said that Vancouver, B. C., shows more building going on than any other town on the Coast. It is a most promising city, and a good jobbing and manufacturing point.

It is estimated that the wheat crop for Manitoba this year will reach 32,000,000 bushels, which is nearly double that of last year, and the greatest in the history of the Province.

During the month of August the land department of the C. P. R. disposed of 19,448 acres of land for the total sum of \$64,300. This is more than double the sales of August a year ago, when 9,640 acres were disposed of for \$30,209.

A great fire in New Westminster, B. C., recently, destroyed nearly all the business part of the town. The loss is estimated at \$2,500,000, the insurance having been about \$1,500,000. The place is being rebuilt with characteristic Northwestern energy.

All the mines in the New Denver District, B. C., are preparing for large forces this winter. Twelve hundred men, it is said, will be working around Sandon this season, with about 400 more in the Alamo basin. Four Mile and Ten Mile will also have big forces working.

The announcement of Manager Whyte of the C. P. R. that the Crow's Nest Pass Railway will be in operation from Lethbridge to Kootenay Lake within a few days, will be received with great satisfaction throughout the Dominion. The completion of this road will do a great deal towards developing the mineral resources of the Kootenays.

The customs collections at the port of Winnipeg during the month of August aggregated \$722,988, compared with \$460,004 for the corresponding period of 1897. The total collections during the last fiscal year aggregated \$131,821.01, against \$100,949.00 for the year previous. From a careful calculation it is estimated that this city now ranks as the third port in the Dominion.

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sortment of furs and fur garments comprises everything in the fur line. He manufactures capes, saques, jackets and all other fur goods, every article being guaranteed. It is the part of wisdom, no doubt, to make one's selection of these winter garments now—or to place one's order for them.



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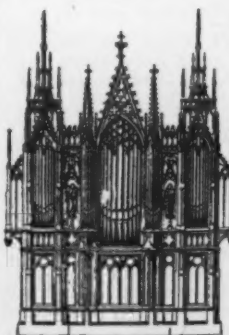
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INDIAN GLEANERS OF WHEAT.—Many Umatilla Indian women in Oregon have caught the wheat fever. They follow threshing-machines, and, after the machine is moved away from a setting, gather up the wheat scattered about on the ground, clean it, and carry it to Pendleton in one and two-bushel sacks. They usually dispose of it at a fair price.

DWARF COPPER RIVER INDIANS.—On the Copper River in Alaska is a tribe of Indians of which but little is known. They are said to be dwarfs, about 120 in number, and of a very quiet and confiding nature. Honesty seems to be a prevailing characteristic among them. It is hoped that contact with whites will not undermine their many excellent qualities.

THE KITE AS A MOTIVE POWER.—A kite eight feet long, to which was attached a tail consisting of three balls of binder twine, weighing fifteen pounds, was made recently by some boys in Southern Manitoba. The first trial was most satisfactory. A stiff breeze was blowing, and, in order to test the drawing power of the kite, the string was attached to a small four-wheeled hand-cart, upon which three or four of the boys seated themselves, the kite drawing them along easily.

PERILOUS BOATING.—Navigating the Copper River region in the wilds of our most northern possession is perilous work. The streams have high banks—some a thousand feet, as sheer up as can be when cut through glacial drift. Boulders abound everywhere. The beds of the rivers are not only strewn with huge boulders against which the boats are likely to be dashed, but small boulders strew the bottoms, and roll along with the swift current, making a noise like constant thunder. It is a great country to have seen, but a good country to get away from.

SOME YUKON PRINTING SCHEDULES.—Letter heads and statements are printed in Dawson City for \$16 a thousand, and other work in proportion. Printers on the two papers are paid \$2 a thousand for piece-work, and the job printers get \$1.50 an hour. The ubiquity of the journeymen printer is proved by the fact that when the *Nugget* office opened for business there were thirty printers to apply for work. The members of the craft who are engaged are members of the Typographical Union, and it is owing to this fact that the liberal scale of wages was established, notwithstanding the many applicants for positions.

TO CAPTURE WILD HORSES.—The *Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press* says that two young men in search of sport and adventure have gone into the wilds north of Lake Manitoba to search for a band of wild horses, which have roamed in that region for a number of years. All the animals are pure white, and only two have ever been captured. The Indians claim these horses as their property, and have used every means to prevent white men from discovering their whereabouts. The young men in question hope to bring a couple of them back to civilization, though it is said they can only be captured in winter, when the snow is deep.

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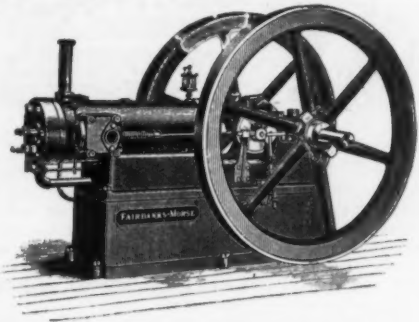
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(Wash.) *Populist*.



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THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Over in Olympia two or three years ago, says a voracious Washington paper, the Populists were introducing bills to repeal or modify nearly every law on the statute books. The number and argument on each was confusing to one of the members of the lower house. He was worried over one of the repeated subjects of argument, and as he left the capital, one noon, he turned to a friend, and asked:

"What is this here law of supply and demand they are talking so much about? I'll be gosh dinged if I don't introduce a bill to repeal the thing."

HE RECOGNIZED THE VASE.

A North End woman wandered into an auction not long ago and saw a handsome vase which caught her fancy. She concluded to bid for it.

"One dollar," she said.

"Dollar and a quarter," came from the other side of the crowd.

"Dollar and a half," she returned.

"Two dollars I am offered," announced the auctioneer, after directing a questioning glance to the bidder on the other side.

The competition was spirited, but finally the woman succeeded.

That night, when her husband came home, she exhibited her new purchase with triumph.

"Isn't it handsome?" she queried. "I bought it at an auction. I thought I would be able to get it cheap, but there was a mean man on the other side of the room that bid the price up to \$12. I think he did it just to spite me."

Her husband looked at her a minute.

"You won't have to look very far to find that man," he said, rather weakly. "I was the mean man. I was the idiot. I wanted to buy it for you, you know."—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

SORRY THAT HE DID IT.

Time was, in the mining regions of the Northwest, that the smallest coin in circulation was the twenty-five-cent piece. No smaller change was ever made for any merchantable commodity, whether a drink of whisky, a lead-pencil, or other equally trifling article of commerce. The old-timers would have it so, and they looked with disdain upon the tenderfoot who imported dimes and five-cent pieces, vainly believing that these paltry coins would singly purchase articles of use or ornament, as in the East.

An old-timer who owned a hotel at Cour d'Alene City, Idaho, was particularly opposed to the circulation of the measly little coins. So great was his zeal to prevent their introduction in the town that he

purchased all the nickels he could find among his fellow-citizens, and one dark night he rowed out into the lake with a fifty-pound sack of the coins and consigned them to the deep.

It is proper to add that of late the old gentleman spends a great deal of his time fishing at that particular spot.—*The Deltante, Spokane, Wash.*

THE MAJOR'S JOB.

Those who know Major I. T. Keene are wondering why he is not so riotously Republican this year as he usually is, says the Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review*. He has not lost all his Republicanism, to be sure, but his enthusiasm in the cause has perceptibly weakened. It is all because of John L. Wilson and those pesky forestry rangerships.

Major Keene, as is well known, formerly lived in Yakima, and was reckoned a man of means. He was one of those Republicans who got out every campaign, spent his own money, and labored hard for the success of the ticket. In recent years much of his wealth has been lost, but his Republicanism remained. Last campaign he was valuable in this county, where the committee said of him that he was the only man who could outtalk the Pops.

John L. promised to care for him. The major was promised job after job. One of them was chief deputy marshal in Alaska. Every time John L. would come back from Washington he would see the major and reassure him. When the senator got back the last time he sent for Keene and told him he at last had something for him.

"It is not very big," said the senator, "but it will give you a living, anyway, and then you will be in the service, and we will see that you are promoted."

"What is it?" asked the major.

"Forest ranger."

"What does it pay?"

"Fifty dollars a month; but, as I said, we will see that you get promoted as fast as opportunities offer. Take this letter to Hyde and he will fix it."

The major was sorely disappointed, but he went to Superintendent Hyde with his letter and was given a circular defining the duties of a ranger. He learned that he was required "to provide himself with a saddle-horse, the cost of maintenance of which will not be chargeable to the Government; also, where necessary, he will provide, at his own expense, a camp outfit for duty on the reserve." He learned, further, that he must "make his headquarters at some elevated central point in the reserve overlooking the territory assigned to him," and that he must perform duties of the most arduous character.

"How long will this job last?" he asked.

"About two months," said the superintendent.

Still thinking there might be a chance for him, Major Keene went away and investigated the cost of the outfit he would have to have. He found that the minimum expense would be \$115, or \$15 more than his total salary. Then he returned to Mr. Hyde, and in language more forcible than courteous told him what he thought of John L., and the disposition he could make of the job.

Major Keene is not a forest ranger now.



SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Thoughtful Jessie—"You didn't go to fight the Spaniards, like papa, did you, Uncle Crossly?"

Uncle Crossly—"No, I didn't; but why do you think so?"

Thoughtful Jessie—"Cause you're too fat and stuffy to lie down to shoot."



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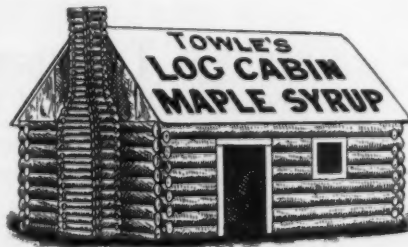
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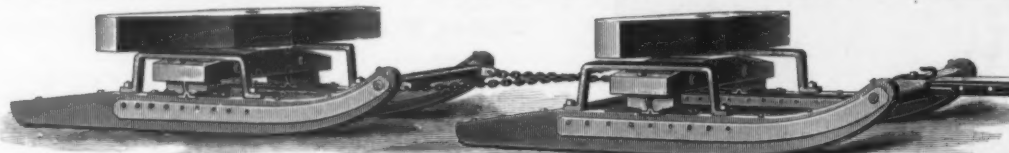
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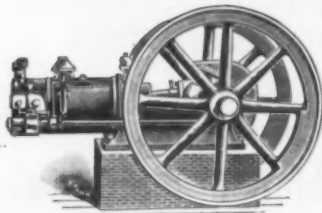
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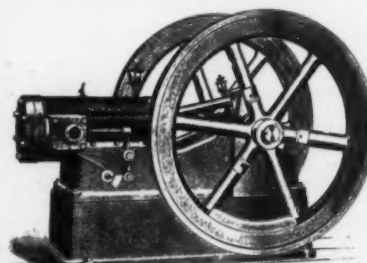
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A tailor says that ready-made clothing will cure a man of having fits.

Teacher—"Tommy, what is a knight errant?"
Tommy—"Puttin' out the cat."

He—"You seem—ah—er—distant this evening."
She—"Well, your chair isn't nailed down."

Fosdick—"Tenspot thinks he is one of the big guns."
Kedick—"He is one of the smooth bores, anyway."

"What made the audience hiss that vegetarian lecturer?"
"He said he would deliver a meaty discourse."

"Now, John, what would you do if you had a family skeleton in your house?"
"Well, old boy, I wouldn't make any bones over it at all."

He—"What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings?"
She—"I should think that you were a plain, commonplace liar."

Cumso—"Why is the nose on the Statue of Liberty just eleven inches long?"
Sedso—"Because if it were another inch, don't you know, it would be a foot."

Col. Kentuck—"Did I understand you, sah, to say I had a rubber neck, sah?"
"Oh, dear, no, colonel; I said it was waterproof."
"Ah! I beg yo' pashon, sah."

"My wife cast some of her bread upon the waters once," remarked a young husband, reluctantly.
"Did it ever return?" asked his friend.
"No," was the reply; "it sank."

The Colonel—"Hey! waitah, what's been in this glass?"
Walter—"Nuffin", sah, 'cept wattah."
The Colonel—"Well, rinse it out."

Mrs. Frank—"My husband is plain spoken; he calls a spade a spade."
Mrs. Keep—"So does mine; but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn-mower."

Clara—"You shouldn't drink whisky, Tom; it is one of the worst things imaginable for one's voice."
Tom—"You are quite right, sweetheart; but it's quite the thing to strengthen one's breath."

Flo—"Do you love me, sweet?"
Will—"Dearly."
"Would you die for me?"
"No, my precious girl; mine is an undying love."

She—"Why, John! What makes you say such harsh things about the mother who bore me? What have you against her?"
He—"Her evident determination to bore me, too!"

De Crop—"Mary is intensely feminine, isn't she?"
Miss Upton—"More so than other girls?"
De Crop—"Well, she asked the blacksmith the other day if her horse couldn't wear shoes a size smaller."

Aby—"Dere's a fire; let's run."
Ikey—"I nefer runs to a fire."
Aby—"Vy nod?"
Ikey—"How do I know bud id mide be my own shop?"

Smithers—"Pat, can you tell why it is that in order to get a man into heaven a clergyman will continually depict the flames of hell?"
Pat—"Faith, that's aisy, sir; he wants to blaze the way."

Stranger—"Waiter, let me have a poached egg."
Stranger at Next Table—"One for me, too, please; but see that it isn't a bad one."
Waiter (In the kitchen)—"Two poached eggs; one good one."

Jones—(sky-boarder)—"How are the eggs this morning?"
Brown—"Very interesting."
"Interesting?"
"Yes; so full of 'chio.'"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"Do you know, my dear, why a woman is more careful of her wedding dress than any other?"
Crabshaw—"I suppose it is because she had to pay for it herself."

Judge—"And your wife aimed at and struck your head with a cup."
"Yes, sir."
"Well, then, all I have to say is that you should be very proud of her."

"What language does a toothless Bedouin talk?" asked the cigar drummer in front of the Grand Hotel.
"Give it up? Gum-arabic, of course."
"Well, that ought to stick anybody," said the whisky man from Frisco.

McLubberty (angrily)—"Motkey!"
Little Mike (who has been tumultuous)—"Sorr?"
McLubberty—"Ol hov told yez twinty toimes ahl-ready to stop thot noise; now, d'yez want me to tell yez the aicond toime?"

She (sewing a button on his shirt)—"John, were you very greatly flustered when you proposed to me?"
He—"Yes. To tell you the truth, I was so upset that night I didn't know what I was doing."
And now she is wondering what he meant.

Mrs. Feedem—"You say you want half a tumbler of rye whisky, to make a great moral experiment with?"
Torn Tompkins—"Yes, lady. I've jes' taken de pledge, yer know, an' I wantter see whedder my moral stammina is strong enough ter resist de temptation uv drinkin' it or not."

A wag, going down a lane, saw an Irishman digging, and thinking to have some fun out of him, said:
"Pat, that's a small spade you're using; why, I use a bigger one than that to eat my porridge with."
"Shure," said Pat. "I'm not surprised at that, for you've got a mouth to fit it."—*Spare Moments.*

"You'll plaze leave your umbrella or cane at the dure, sir," said the new Irish attendant at the picture gallery.

"Very proper regulation," said the visitor; "but as it happens, I have neither."
"Then go and get wan. No wan is allowed to enter unless he laves his cane or umbrella at the dure. You may read the card yourself, sor."

When Jack and Jill breathed fond farewells
In days long since gone by,
Jill patted down her flustered curls,
Jack jerked to rights his tie.

But now 'tis just the other way,
And when we've said good-bye,
Jack shyly smooths his dainty bangs,
Jill straightens out her tie.

Mrs. Fadde, Faith Curist—"How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget?"

Bridget—"He still has the rheumatism mighty bad, mum."

"You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism."

"Yes, mum."

A few days later:

"And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism?"

"No, mum; the poor man thinks now thot he is dead. We buried um yisterday."



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Little John Henry—"I do want it; take it away!"
Little John's Mother—"There, there, now, chile! You do know what's good for you."

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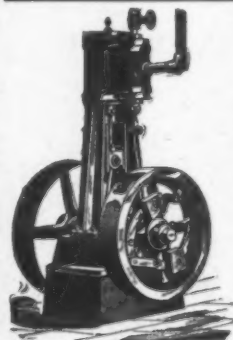
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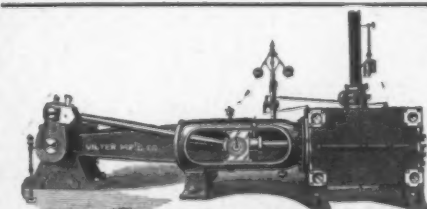
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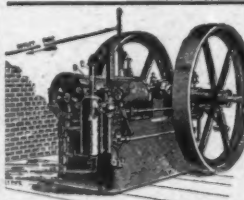
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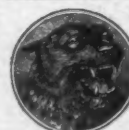


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